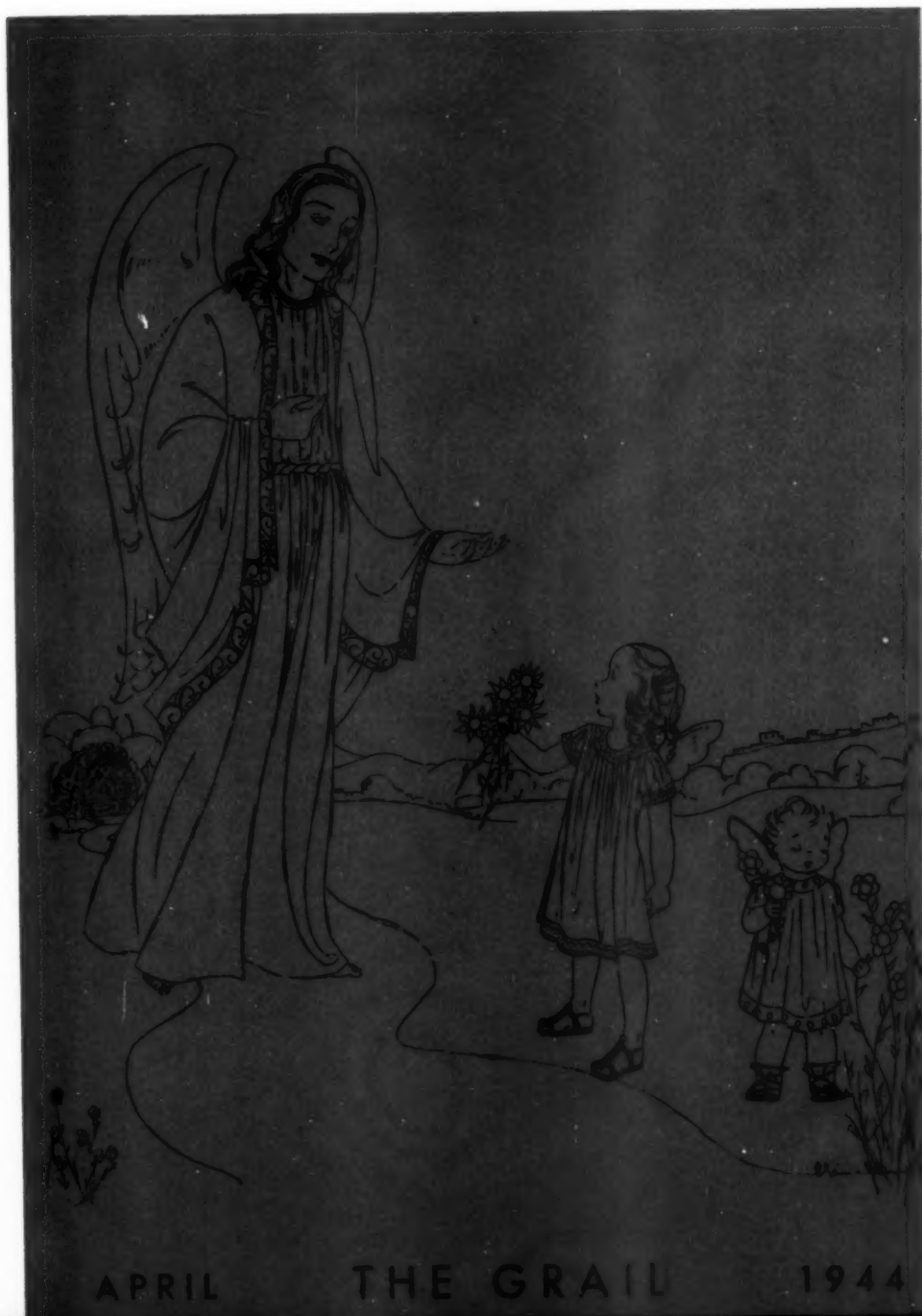


THE GRAIL



APRIL

THE GRAIL

1944

The Grail

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OUR COVER DRAWING

Miss Elaine Davis of Loretto Heights College, Loretto, Colorado, has given us her conception of "Angels' Easter." When the Risen Saviour comes forth glorious from the tomb, these angels will be waiting for Him with their bouquets. Will we be ready with ours?

THE GRAIL

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Moscow-Produced Headaches

H. C. McGinnis

MOSCOW has made recently several extremely baffling moves. Guesses concerning their import often run to wildness and sometimes to utter absurdity. Since almost everyone agrees that they have a bearing on post-war conditions, it is necessary that we marshal them into some semblance of correlation, so that we may consider them intelligently. It is now impossible to arrive at a definite conclusion concerning the intentions behind them, for even official Washington and London claim to be baffled. About the most that can be done now is to try to determine if the various moves point to any one thing in particular.

In considering them, we must remember several things. First: Stalin's pre-war pact with Hitler was made when Moscow discovered that, at the very moment when British envoys were trying to secure Stalin's signature to a pact against Germany, other British envoys were trying to secure Hitler's signature to a pact against Stalin. Stalin's distrust of Britain, or of any democracy, was probably greatly increased by this discovery. Although, when Britain and Russia became involuntary allies, Churchill retreated somewhat from his previous attitude against everything Communistic; he did so in a manner that, since he would play ball with the Devil to save the British Empire, he could play with Stalin for a quicker crushing of Hitler. Stalin knows this and, at Teheran, may have perceived a closer alliance between Churchill and Roosevelt than he knew could ever be possible between him and either of the democracies, or among the three combined. Therefore he may have concluded that the three powers are military allies only and that, with a post-war set-up to be considered, he

had better start playing his own hand while Russia's friendship is still a military necessity to the other two.

Second: we must remember that Russia did not enter the conflict because of altruistic aims. She was set upon by Hitler. Moscow was not a party to the pronouncement of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms. Although no doubt Stalin would appreciate a peaceful period in which to rehabilitate his war-torn country and would be willing to co-operate toward that end, it is possible that he considers such a period unlikely and is therefore starting to play power-politics, aiming to make the greatest gains possible while potential objectors are too busily engaged elsewhere to interfere. Also it might be possible that, due to the uncertainty of the make-up of post-war Europe, Stalin is now taking the territory he considers necessary for buffer states so that he can sit at the peace table and say that, while what is past is past, he will honestly agree to no further future aggressions. In any event, we must keep in mind that Stalin is for Russia first, last, and only, and that he has uttered no idealistic pronouncements which bind him now or later.

Perhaps the two recent Moscow moves most baffling to the British and American publics are the creation of the sixteen autonomous Soviet republics and Moscow's unprovoked blasts against the Vatican. Many reasons, some of them the wildest speculation, are advanced to explain the first of these moves. Practically no reason has been advanced for the blasts against Catholic Rome, for they appear to be without rhyme or reason. Let us first consider the granting of autonomy to so many Soviet units previously bound hand and foot by Moscow's

overlordship. In doing so we must remember that while these republics presumably will be released from Moscow as a political center, they will not be released from it as Communism's headquarters. Since Communists everywhere give first allegiance to Party policies issuing from Moscow, it is to be assumed that these republics' leaders will be little more than Communist Moscow's puppets.

One of the wildest speculations concerning them, one far more wishful thinking than anything else, is that which states that, among other things, autonomy was granted so that the United States could dicker with one of them without embarrassing Moscow for bases against Japan. The authors of this idea forgot to look at their maps. The 15 republics, besides Russia proper with Moscow as its head, are: Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Moldavia, Finnish Karelia, White Russia, Armenia, Ukraine, Georgia, Usbek, Azerbaijan, Turkmen, Tadjik, Kirghiz, and Kazakan. Dickering with any one of them would not bring the U. S. any Pacific bases, for Moscow still controls all the Pacific maritime areas. So this guess is completely out. Furthermore, in no way does this theory connect with the attack upon the Vatican and the two must be connected somewhere, being parts of the same strategy.

Another is that Russia seeks 16 seats at the peace-table. Proponents of this idea feel sure that Russia is trying to offset the votes of the British Dominions in post-war arrangements. While there may be something to this idea, it seems scarcely likely. The Dominions were recognized as separate nations long before the war, having the right to make decisions regardless of Britain. They maintain separate diplomatic

organizations and their representatives vote independently of Britain's wishes, often opposing her proposals. Furthermore, there is little likelihood that Britain and the United States would permit this alleged subterfuge to succeed, for, after all, there is nothing obligatory upon them to recognize 16 Russian votes. Maps and statistics show that the 15 Soviet states other than Russia proper contain only 20% of Russia's territory and only 30% of the population. 80% of the land and 70% of the population still remain directly under Moscow. This makes the 15 republics rather unimportant in world affairs. No sane person would ever permit Usbek, Tadjik, or Kazakan to have votes equal to Britain's or America's. In fact, comparatively few people have ever heard of them. In addition, even this alleged Russian attempt to secure more votes in post-war discussions did not necessitate Moscow's blasts against Catholicism.

Many other speculations have been advanced, but most of them fail to convince. However, the following appears to come the closest. It assumes that, Atlantic Charter or no Atlantic Charter, Stalin intends to have what he wants. Therefore he seeks to make moves which will enable Russia to follow the Charter's letter while neglecting its spirit. In other words, Stalin intends to keep the Baltic Republics and parts of Finland. Britain once declared that she will not recognize their incorporation into Russia, since it is obvious that they lost their political integrity through force. Moscow's excuse about a plebiscite is a farce. However, very few expect Britain to go to war with Russia over the Baltic States. Britain always does the expedient thing and, in this case, expediency will probably demand that a war-bled Britain forget all about the fate of these tiny democracies. Britain will scarcely risk her empire for them. But the United States is a different matter. With no empire at stake and with no desire for additional territory, it has no reason to retreat from its Hoover-Stimson declaration that this nation will not recognize the absorption of

one people by another by force or in the absence of a free and proper plebiscite. Also the American public demands that a great advance in international justice be one of this war's outstanding results. Therefore any American policy which deliberately turned its eyes from Russia's rape of the Baltic Republics would probably find itself in high disfavor with most Americans. Americans, fighting for justice, see no reason for making any exceptions in Moscow's case and would undoubtedly be just as anxious to protect the tiny Baltic States in the post-war set-up as they are now to protect those small nations which have become Hitler's prey.

If Stalin wants to keep the Baltic States, plus perhaps further territory from Finland, Roumania, and other neighbors, he knows that he must contend against three forces: Great Britain, the United States, and the opinion of all decent-thinking people, regardless of nationality. So let us look at his recent moves in the light of these necessities. Setting up 16 Soviet States makes the Baltic States virtually independent, on paper at least. These Soviet republics have the right to conduct their own diplomatic relations with other peoples, to maintain their own armies, to enter into treaties and, in general, conduct themselves much like the British Dominions. Politically they will be independent: ideologically they will still be under Moscow. Since Moscow's ideology will shape their policies, they will still be virtually subject to Moscow's wishes, although ostensibly they will be permitted to do as they please. Hence Stalin and the Communists lose little or nothing. On the other side of the ledger, they have practically nullified British and American official objections. For how can the American government object, under its Hoover-Stimson declaration, to autonomous States which seemingly enjoy complete independence? After all, the American policy does not contend against ideological changes within a State, but only against a State's enforced incorporation into a stronger power. Hence the wily Stalin is evidently

maneuvering to take what he wants and yet make it easy and technically proper for British and American leaders to maintain friendly Anglo-American relations with Russia. The same procedure could be applied also to parts of Poland and Roumania which Stalin seems certain to try to take. Should Stalin find this maneuver successful in regard to the Baltic States, he might later find it useful in his Communizing of other European peoples. By breaking off parts of other nations, establishing these pieces as Soviet republics subject to Moscow's ideology yet seemingly independent, he might claim that he was only furthering justice and liberty in that he was carrying out the Wilsonian doctrine of permitting different racial groups to become political entities. Since the majority of eastern and central European nations are comprised of several racial groups, Stalin might use this subterfuge in Communizing some of them.

Having taken care of Britain and America by this attempted strategy, Stalin must next handle the opinion of the world's decent-thinking people. He knows, of course, that his maneuvers will not long fool morality's adherents, even though they may afford Anglo-American statesmen an excuse for continued friendliness with Moscow. So, believing that a strong offense is the best defense, he made an unprovoked attack upon the Vatican, knowing it to be morality's strongest bastion and fearlessly outspoken when chicanery against justice is attempted. Perhaps irking under the knowledge that every priest throughout the world prays daily for Russia's salvation, he tried to discredit the thorn which must consistently prick whatever conscience he has. But his attack fell flat, for even non-Catholics could not stomach his calumnies. A well-known and undeniable record of facts refutes his charges.

While this explanation of Moscow's recent moves may not be the correct reason for them, that explanation which best ties together all his acts should appear to be the proper answer.

St. Patrick

Checks Up

Jack Kearns



IT WOULD scarcely be good theology to say that Saint Patrick was unhappy. After all, unhappiness is not compatible with the Beatific Vision. But, of late, a certain amount of celestial uneasiness had been afflicting (accidentally, of course) the blessed soul of the heroic Patron of Erin. There was no doubt about it.

As he sat on a bank covered by a green carpet of shamrocks, Patrick gazed meditatively on the meeting of the waters in this heavenly replica of the Vale of Avoca. Then he shut his eyes that shone like stars, and his lips moved. "God surely loves the Irish as much as He ever did. That's certain. But do the Irish love the good Lord the way they used to? I'm really beginning to entertain grave doubts, especially about some of my children in America. Och, why should I be worrying my old head and not be trusting the Lord to take care of His own?"

Then Patrick looked up, and he saw being escorted by two angels a former member of the police department whom a gangster's bullet had sent to Paradise, with only the briefest sojourn through Purgatory. "It's Tim O'Donahue, by the blessed shamrock—I'd know him anywhere in spite of his garments of heavenly splendor. Oh, Tim!" Patrick sang out. Forthwith Tim and the angels came over. Tim kissed the Bishop's ring, but Patrick embraced him.

"Think of actually meeting Saint Patrick in person, Your Holiness. Wouldn't Molly be thrilled, but sure the boys'll never believe me when I tell them."



"It's mighty glad to see you I am, Tim," said Patrick. "We're proud of you, man. What's that you've got under your arm—sure I might have known it's a copy of *The Times*. Well, well. Will you let me see it, lad?"

"The Irish lost, Your Reverence. It was the greatest team since the Four Horsemen. Think of it—with only twenty-eight seconds to go and a perfect season—"

"Yes, I know, Tim. I've seen all the games—we've had television up here long before Marconi—and I even felt a strong temptation myself to be a poor sport and bat down that wild heave to Anderson. But, sure, 'twas only a game. It's the society page, Tim, that I'm interested in. They do be saying that the Irish in America are drifting away from the Faith. Let me see for myself if there are any folks with real Gaelic names being married in Protestant churches. Ah, here we are. 'Tis only too true, I'm afraid. Murphy, Bannigan, Scully, Carney—every blessed one of them married by a Protestant minister. That settles it! I'm going to ask St. Peter for a key, and it's down to earth I'm going to see what I can do about it."

"May I go along, Your Holiness?" said Tim. "It'd be a pleasure to take you around, and you'll be needing somebody like myself to look after you down there. Now, Molly would be only too glad to have you—"

"Thanks very much, Tim. It's not that I wouldn't enjoy having you along, but you've just arrived in Heaven and 'twould be a shame to drag you off before you've even had a chance to look the place over. Besides, there'd be complications, Tim. You're supposed to be dead, you know, and you can see what a strange thing it'd be to have you walk in on your friends just after they've been all at your Requiem in St. Agnes'. Besides, I'll be in good hands, Tim. Galloping Annie will take good care of me, and no questions asked at all. Do you know her, Tim?"

"You don't mean Mrs. Lynskey, the charwoman, Your Reverence?"

"That I do, Tim—the one they call Galloping Annie."

"But isn't she a queer one for you to be stopping with? Many's the time I've seen her running to the six o'clock Mass. Begging Your Reverence's pardon, but aren't you a bit on in years to try to keep up with a sprinter like Annie? It's a merry pace she'd be setting Your Holiness!"

"Don't worry, Tim. I know all about Annie. Many's the time I've watched her galloping along the streets myself, and I've been tempted to clock her. It's no time she wants to be wasting, Tim. It's an idiosyncrasy, to be sure, but as Annie rates first in the latest poll the guardian angels took, it's with Annie I'm staying. But it's no galloping I'll be doing with her. I'll be seeing Molly for you and cheer her up a bit and I'll be blessing the children, Tim."

"Thanks, Your Reverence. But I still think you ought to call up the chancery. Won't the Archbishop be feeling a little hurt with your not seeing him and not pontificating at the Cathedral? Think of the crowds, Your Holiness, that'd be jamming into Fifth and Madison—"

"No, Tim. It's no publicity I'll be needing, and it's only a Bishop I am, not an Archbishop. And you can see for yourself, man, what'd happen if I walked into the chancery and announced that I was Saint Patrick. It's hurried off I'd be to Bellvue for observation; so you better let me handle the job in my own way, Tim. I've a way with me, too, when it comes to that, never fear."

As the angels continued to escort St. Timothy O'Donahue on his celestial sightseeing tour, Patrick started off to find St. Peter. It was not so hard.

Patrick knew pretty well where he could locate him. Sure enough, he spied Peter, seated on a rock overlooking a rapidly flowing stream and dangling a Mickey Finn in front of a big rainbow trout, who, being a celestial fish, shut his eyes and refused to nibble.

It was Peter who spoke: "This has fishing with nets beaten all hollow."

"It has that, and a fine job you did, Mr. Bar-Jona. The trout is a beauty, sure enough, but I suppose you'll be throwing him back," said Patrick.

"I intended to," said Peter. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I was thinking you might let me have him as tomorrow is Friday and I'm going down to the earth, if the Lord'll permit me, and I was thinking it might be a nice thing for me to present him to Mrs. Lynskey with your compliments."

"Well, she certainly shall have it, Patrick, and I suppose you'll be wanting a key," Peter said, unfastening one from his bunch. "But no miracles, Patrick, this time—you've used up your quota long ago, you know."

"Not even one little miracle, Peter? Sure you'll not be denying me—"

"Just one, then," said Peter, "and no more, please, Patrick. Don't forget you've got a fish that is certainly not an ordinary fish to take along, and you know very well miracles are something for the youngsters, like the Little Flower, to play with. Put the fear of God into the human race, Patrick, the way you did for the Irish fifteen hundred years ago."

"I'll be doing my best, Peter Bar-Jona, but with a few little miracles up my sleeve—"

"Well, you can have another one, then, but no more. Don't forget it's no ordinary fish—"

"Thanks, Peter. I always feel better with an extra miracle along for an emergency. And I won't be forgetting my extraordinary fish," said Patrick, picking up the trout. "Thanks, Peter, and good luck with your Mickey Finn."

"Don't lose your key," said the Prince of the Apostles, already deeply engaged with another rainbow trout.



a half hour's meditation. With one eye on the clock,

S THE LORD readily gave Patrick permission to descend to the planet Earth to ascertain the truth or falsity of certain rumors he had been hearing regarding the Irish in America. Mrs. Lynskey heard her doorbell ring at a quarter to six on the morning of Friday, March 17, 1944. She had been up since five and had already made

she was busily scrubbing and polishing her little rooms, ready to throw on her hat and coat and gallop off to the six, when she heard the bell ring. There at the door was a magnificent elderly man, with a long white beard. He had on a big black overcoat (though it was certainly not an ulster), but he wore no hat, for he had little need of one what with his fine head of flowing white hair and a halo that was visible occasionally to those in the state of sanctifying grace.

"Come in, sir," said Annie, quickly appraising her visitor.

"Do you know who I am, Mrs. Lynskey?" asked Patrick.

Annie looked him over carefully. "Glory be to God, I do indeed!" she exclaimed, getting down on her knees. "You're St. Patrick himself—and who else could it be and it March 17! 'Tis undeserving such a great favor I am!"

"March the 17th—sure I clean forgot all about it. Well, so it is, Annie," said the Saint, giving Annie his blessing and raising her to her feet. "By the way, Annie, here's a fine fish for you with St. Peter's compliments, though if I'd remembered it was my own feast and you could eat meat today, I might have brought you a celestial goose."

"It's glad I am, thanks to St. Peter and yourself, to have a fish straight from Heaven," said Annie. "Will you be reviewing the parade with the Archbishop and the other dignitaries—it's too bad it's going to be such a cold, rainy day, isn't it?"

"I hadn't noticed the weather, Annie, but I'll fix that up before it slips my mind." Patrick walked to the window, threw it open, and made a big Sign of the Cross in the air. "That'll take care of the weather, Annie. Now regarding your question—no, I haven't the time for the parade, Annie. I've investigating to do."

"Won't you go to any of the banquets this evening, St. Patrick? It's interested I'd be to hear one of your speeches."

"When all the A. O. H. is safely in Heaven, it's a grand speech I'll be making, Annie, and you'll be hearing every syllable of it yourself. But that's why I'm down here now, Annie, to see that all the Irish get up there. So I must be on my way with the continuation of my apostolate."

"Before you go, St. Patrick—there's something that's bothering me—some of the boys may be celebrating and taking a drop too much today—"

"All right, Annie, but this cleans me out of miracles." Patrick made another big sweeping Sign of the Cross. "There, Annie, that changes

every drop of alcohol in spiritous liquors into water—there'll be no intoxication in the town tonight. And now I must get on with my investigation."



HEN PATRICK returned to Heaven, after forty days of terrestrial labor, he was so tired he slept for a week. Columba and Columbanus had to shake him to awaken him.

"Tell us about your visit to Earth,

Patrick," they asked.

"Well," said Patrick, rubbing his eyes, "it was both good and bad. I went to America, and would you believe it, there are some lineal descendants of saints and martyrs completely drifting away from the Church."

"What's got into them, man?" asked Columba.

"I handed in my report to the Lord and indicated the same old reasons—mixed marriages, secular education, and too much prosperity have caused the defections. But there was a good deal to comfort me, boys. Take Galloping Annie, for instance—she has so much grace in her soul all the devils in hell couldn't shake her. And there are plenty like her, though you don't read about them on the society page of the papers. But, on the whole, I was mighty glad to get back to Heaven."

"What do you think the Lord'll do about it, Patrick?" asked Columbanus.

"That I don't know—it's His secret and He's not telling—but I can make a shrew guess," said Patrick.

"You really think He'll do something drastic about it, Patrick?" asked Columba.

"I do indeed. Didn't He send me to the blessed Isle when it was shrouded in superstition and darkness—didn't He make it the Land of Saints and Scholars like yourselves—and didn't He preserve the Faith for centuries?" exclaimed the holy Patron of Erin.

"Ah, I think I see what you are guessing, Patrick—there's nothing like a good long persecution—" said Columbanus.

"That's it precisely, boys, though it's more than a guess—it was a recommendation I made in my report—but, of course, I don't know just yet for sure if He will follow it. Still I thought I heard one of the Archangels say "O. K." when it was handed to him by an Evangelist. It was quite a voluminous report," said Patrick.

"I'm sure He'll do it, Patrick," said Columba, for He certainly loves the Irish as much as He ever did."

"That He does indeed," said Patrick.



Engraving by C. Nagel-Dick

The Holy Tunic in the Cathedral at Trier, 1933.

Churches in corners:

Upper Left—St. Paulinus
Upper Right—St. Matthias

Lower Left—Our Blessed Lady
Lower Right—The Cathedral

Christ's Seamless Tunic

Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.

WHENEVER we think of beginnings and "firsts" our thoughts naturally fly back to the Garden of Eden. It is there we find the first fashion shop and men's clothing store. After Adam's sin "the eyes of them both were opened: and when they perceived themselves to be naked, they sewed together fig leaves, and made themselves aprons" (Gen. 3:7). But before God sent them out of the "paradise of pleasure" He "made for Adam and his wife garments of skins and clothed them" (Gen. 3:21). Thus we learn that because of sin we wear clothes, and that the purpose of clothing is to hide and *not to reveal* the human body.

It is not my aim to trace the history of fashion in clothing for men and women down through the ages to our present day, but, rather, to consider the clothing of the New Adam, Jesus Christ, Who came to wash our sin-stained soul in the saving bath of His Precious Blood and to clothe it with the resplendent garment of sanctifying grace.

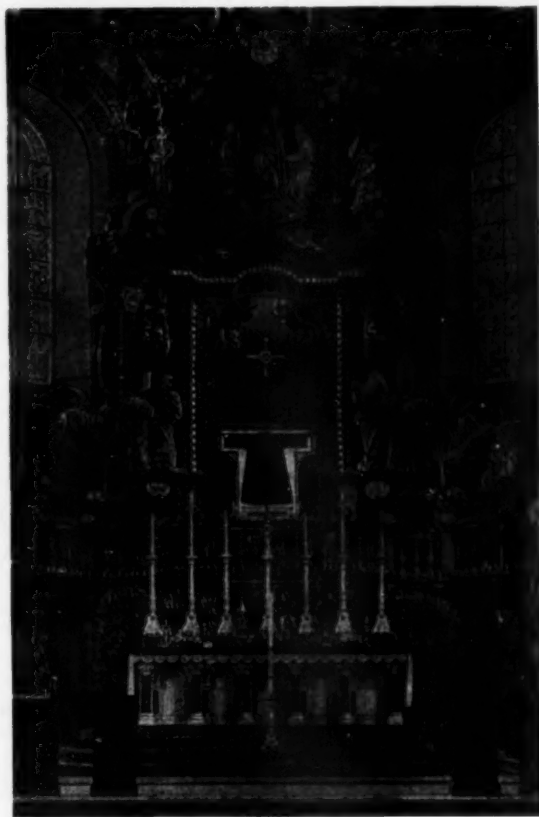
Everything that came in contact with our Blessed Savior during His earthly life has a special interest for us. Now, the only object that came in closest and constant contact with His Sacred Body was the Seamless Tunic that Mary, His Mother, had woven for Him as a Child, and that, according to tradition, grew with His Body to perfect manhood.

OUR SAVIOR'S CLOTHING

What other articles of clothing did Jesus wear? The Clothing usually worn by the Jews consisted of a kind of cloak, worn by day as an outer garment, and also serving, in the case of the poor, as a covering by night. It was made of four breadths of cloth and was square in shape. Concerning this garment the Lord told His people: "Thou shalt make strings at the four corners of thy cloak, wherewith thou shalt be covered" (Deut. 12:12). He told Moses: "Speak to the children of Israel, and thou shalt tell them to make to themselves fringes in the corners of their garments, putting in them ribbands of blue" (Num. 15:38). When Jesus came to the land of Genesar "the men of that place...

brought to Him all the sick, and they entreated Him to let them touch but the *tassel of the cloak*; and all who touched it were saved" (Matt. 14: 35-6).

Under the cloak the Jew wore an undergarment, resembling a shirt, and beneath this a tunic which was held up by means of a cincture or linen belt, with a covering for the head, whilst sandals covered the feet. That this was the ordinary dress of the people we may imply from our Savior's words: "From him who takes away thy *cloak*, do not withhold thy *tunic* also" (St. Luke 6:29). Jesus, being the poorest of the poor, may have dispensed with the undergarment, head-dress, and sandals, although St. John the Baptist declares that



High Altar with the Holy Tunic in the Cathedral at Trier, 1933

he is not worthy to loose the "strap of his *sandal*" (St. John 1:27). To suppose that Jesus wore *all* the articles of clothing, irrespective of how artists represent Him, will simplify matters when we come to consider the division of the garments under the Cross.

A healing power went forth from our Savior's clothing. This we have seen above in the case of the sick at Genesar. Another example is that of the woman who had suffered a hemorrhage for twelve years and said: "If I touch but His cloak I shall be saved" (St. Matth. 6:21). When she did so Jesus said: "Who touched me? . . . for I perceived that power had gone forth from me" (St. Luke 8:45-46).

On Mount Tabor Jesus' garments were given a special splendor and lustre as St. Matthew tells us: "His garments became white as snow" (St. Matth. 17:2). At His Passion they were exchanged for a filthy rag of shame. According to St. Luke: "Herod, with his soldiery, treated Him with contempt and mocked Him, arraying Him in a bright (red?) robe" (23:11). St. John (19:2) tells us it was a "purple cloak," in mockery of His claim to royalty or kingship. After they "had mocked Him, they took the cloak off Him and put on Him His own garments, and led Him away to crucify Him" (St. Matth. 27:31).

DICING FOR HIS GARMENTS

After the Roman soldiers had completed their task of stripping the Savior and of nailing Him to the Cross, it was time to divide the spoils. According to Roman Law the clothes of a man condemned to crucifixion became the property of those who carried out the sentence. There were four soldiers assigned to this duty; consequently they made four divisions of the garments. They divided the outer garment or cloak into four parts, and to each portion they added the other articles of clothing—headress, cincture, undergarment, and sandals. As these parts were of unequal value, each one's share was determined by lot. With regard to this dividing of the garments St. Luke simply says: "Now in dividing His garments, they cast lots" (23:34):

St. Mark is a bit more explicit: "Then they crucified Him, and divided His garments, casting lots for them to see what each should take" (15:24). He seems to imply that because the four portions were of unequal value they cast lots in order to decide, not *who* should have any particular portion, but *what* each should take. St. John, who stood beneath the Cross, and watched the proceeding, gives us the fullest account of it. "The soldiers therefore, when they had crucified Him, took His

garments and made of them four parts, to each soldier a part, and also the tunic. Now the tunic was without seam, woven in one piece from the top. They therefore said one to another, 'Let us not tear it, but let us cast lots for it, to see whose it shall be.' That the Scripture might be fulfilled which says, 'They divided my garments among them; and for my vesture they cast lots' " (19:23-24). At first sight these words of St. John seem to contradict the words of the other Evangelists by implying that only the seamless tunic or coat was disposed of by lot. Possibly he does not want to lay stress so much on the fact that the tunic (like the rest of the garments) was disposed of by lot, but that, unlike the cloak, it was *not divided*. It would have been foolish to divide such a wonderful piece of weaving. He further points out that a Messianic prophecy was fulfilled when lots were cast for our Lord's garments by quoting the 19th verse of the 21st Psalm. The whole Psalm is Messianic and describes the Passion and Crucifixion in detail.

St. Augustine, explaining this fourfold division of our Lord's garments says: "The fourfold division of our Lord's garments represents the Church, spread over the four quarters of the globe, and distributed equally, that is, in concord to all. The tunic for which they cast lots signifies the unity of all the parts, which is contained in the bond of love. And if love is the more excellent way, above knowledge and above all other commandments, according to Colossians, (3:6) "*above all things have charity*," the garment by which this is denoted, is well said to be "woven from the top." Again, it is "*without seam*," so that it can never come unsewn, and is in one piece, that is, brings all together into one. By the "lot" is signified the grace of God: for God elects not with respect to person or merit, but according to His own secret counsel" (Tract. 118:3).

THE SEAMLESS TUNIC

St. John calls this seamless tunic a coat (*chiton*), which is the word generally used in the New Testament to designate a sort of long shirt worn by the Jews. It was worn next to the skin, reached from the neck to the ankles, and was kept in place with a girdle, which enabled it to be tucked up when the wearer was walking or working. It was usually made of woolen or cotton stuff. The Jewish highpriests were accustomed to wear such a seamless garment. Flavius Josephus, in his "Antiquities of the Jews" (Book III, ch. 7), states that the long robe (called *Meeir*), reaching to the feet of the highpriest "was not composed of two pieces, nor was it sewed together upon the shoulders and the sides, but it was one long vestment so woven as to

have an aperture for the neck, not an oblique one, but parted all along the breast and the back. A border also was sewed to it, lest the aperture should look too indecently. It was also parted where the hands were to come out." This garment was close-fitting, with narrow sleeves. The opening at the neck could be drawn tight by means of a string. It was fitting that Jesus, our Eternal Highpriest of the New Covenant, should wear such a seamless garment, and in all probability He wore it under the usual undergarment, not instead of it.

Explaining the words of St. John, that it was "woven in one piece *from the top*," Bishop Theophylact (11th century) says that "they did not weave in Palestine as we do, the shuttle being driven upwards through the warp; so that among them the woof was not carried upwards but downwards" (Hom. 85). As to the symbolism the same author says: "The garment without seam denotes the Body of Christ, which was woven from above; for the Holy Spirit came upon the Virgin, and the power of the Most High overshadowed her. This holy Body of Christ, then, is indivisible: for though it be distributed for everyone to partake of, and to sanctify the soul of each one individually, yet it subsists in all wholly and indivisibly" (Ibid.).

THE FORTUNATE WINNER

It would be interesting to know which one of the soldiers was the happy winner of this precious relic. We do not know. Lloyd C. Douglas, in his best-seller novel, "The Robe," makes the Centurion Marcellus, who was ordered to conduct the execution or crucifixion of Christ, the winner of the seamless tunic. At his trial and condemnation to death for professing himself a Christian, he gave it to his wife Diana. As she, also a Christian, was being led to execution with him she slipped between two of the guards and tossed "the Robe" into the hands of Marcipor, an old servant, with the words, "For the Big Fisherman." From this he would have us conclude that St. Peter got possession of it, a very "lucky catch" indeed.

Father Faber, in "Bethlehem," writes: "Then there was the seamless tunic she herself had wrought for Him. The unity of the Church was figured there. She saw them cast lots for it. She marked to whom it had fallen. One of her first loving duties to the Church will be to recover it for the faithful as a relic" (p. 239).

Catherine Emmerich, in her story of the Passion of Christ, tells us: "After the division of the other

GOSPEL MOVIES BY P.K.

FORTY LESS ONE



"Pilate scourged Jesus."
St. Matth. 27:26.

ACCORDING to Jewish Law an offender "worthy of stripes" could be punished in this manner "yet so, that they exceed not the number of forty" (Deut. 25:3). To avoid exceeding the limit, the Jews gave their victim only 39 strokes with the lash. St. Paul glories in the fact that "from the Jews five times I received *forty lashes less one*. Thrice was I scourged" (2 Cor. 11:24). Does the separate listing of "lashes" and "scourging" denote a difference of intensity of punishment and of pain, as administered either by Jew or Roman? This we know, the scourging inflicted by the brutal and merciless soldiers on their Innocent Victim was so terrible as to lay bare His very bones—"they have numbered all my bones" (Ps. 21:18). Pilate made use of our Savior's pitiable appearance as a reason for suggesting His release. Result—"thumbs down."

The human tongue is such a lash, a scourge that cuts deep, not into the nerve-wired back of your victim, but into his far more sensitive heart. St. James calls it "a restless evil, full of deadly poison" (3:8). Eternal Truth tells us that "the things that proceed out of the mouth come from the heart... evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, immoralities, thefts, false witness, blasphemies" (St. Matth. 15:18-19). How often have you given your victim a tongue-lashing with these poisoned barbs? No wonder the Divine Physician, before entering the home of your body in the morning, asks you to *put out your tongue*, for it is the index of the state of health of your soul.

garments, as they could not agree on who should have the seamless tunic, the soldiers took a board with numbers and bone-like stones with marks, that they had with them, and threw them on the board and thus raffled it off. But as a messenger, sent by Joseph of Arimathea, came running to them, saying that buyers of the garment were to be found at the foot of the hill, they quickly gathered up all the clothing, ran down, and sold them, and thus these sacred relics remained with the Christians."

Just as a treasured heirloom is handed down religiously from father to son through many generations, so we may rest assured that in the early ages of the Church, the ages of deep faith and strong attachment to Christ, the Christians would also hand down these treasured relics from generation to generation and see to their safe-keeping

THE PRESENT POSSESSOR

According to a tradition that goes back to the 10th century, St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, who visited the Holy Land (about A. D. 326), and there discovered the Holy Sepulchre, the true Cross, and the Seamless Tunic, gave the latter on her return to the cathedral of Trier (Treves) in Germany.

But is this Seamless Tunic, preserved at Trier, and exposed for public veneration at certain times, the identical tunic that Jesus wore during His life on earth and which was saturated with His Precious Blood during the agony in the garden, after the cruel scourging, and when it was torn from His Body before the crucifixion? Men have tried to disprove this fact, but, just as our faith is strengthened by doubts and temptations against it, successfully overcome with the grace of God, so also the objections as to its identity have only served to have the matter investigated scientifically and proved satisfactorily.

In 1514 the pious suffragan Bishop Enen of Trier wrote: "We need not wonder that the Holy Tunic of Christ should suffer persecution, but it seems to me that this is a sign of the fact that it is really His tunic; for, according to the teaching of all holy men, no good work can be accomplished without great difficulty and opposition. Since the Lord of this Sacred Tunic, Jesus Christ, the supreme, eternal God, was put to a most shameful death on the Cross by the agents of the devil, it is

not surprising that also His Sacred Tunic should suffer a like persecution. For, just as the devil sees the deep devotion and penitential tears that have been and will be the result of the public exposition of this sacred garment, so he also realizes very well what great harm he will suffer thereby."

The objections raised to the genuineness of the Seamless Tunic concern the fabric and the identity. In an archaeological and historical dissertation on the Holy Tunic at Trier, Dr. C. Willems has embodied the report of a commission of experts who examined the Tunic in 1890. They declared, as a result of their examination that the brownish texture of the Holy Tunic consisted apparently of linen or cotton. This refutes the argument that the Holy

Tunic was a Byzantine weaving of silk dating back to the fifth or sixth century. The Seamless Tunic is encased in a red damask silk covering which is renewed after each public exposition. This is what the critics considered to be the real tunic.

As to the objection raised to the identity of the tunic with that worn by our Savior we may advance the following argument. It is the practice of Holy Mother Church, as verified in her books of law, to hold a relic in high esteem that has been venerated by the faithful for a long time, if there is no valid reason for doubting its authenticity, and if God

sanctions this veneration by wonderful favors bestowed in answer to prayers offered by the faithful. That this argument holds in the case of the Seamless Tunic, venerated at Trier, is proved by the history of this veneration and the wonderful effects its public exposition has produced on body and soul.

The history of the public veneration of our Savior's Seamless Tunic goes back to the year 1105 when the important chronicle of Trier (*Gesta Treviorum*) asserts that it was kept in the cathedral, hidden away in a side altar. On May 1, 1196, when the high altar was consecrated in honor of St. Peter, the Patron of the Cathedral, Archbishop Johann I placed the Holy Tunic with great solemnity in it. It remained in the main altar until 1512. In this year Emperor Maximilian I requested that it be publicly exposed to the people in order to enkindle their waning religious fervor. This solemn exposition of the Tunic was held every year from 1513 to 1517. Then, according to a ruling of Pope Leo X, it was solemnly exposed every seventh year.



ECCE HOMO

Drawing made by dots—no lines—by the Very Reverend Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.

Accordingly, this exposition took place again in 1524, 1531, 1538, and in 1545. From the last year until the 19th century, because of the troubled times it was publicly exposed and venerated only in the year 1585 and 1655. During the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648) it was taken to Cologne for safe-keeping. During the various political disturbances it was hidden in different German cities and finally brought back to Trier. There it was again solemnly exposed for veneration in 1810, 1844 and 1891. At these three last there were 227,217, and 1,050,833 and 1, 925,130 pious pilgrims present. The last public exposition took place in the 19th centenary of our Savior's death, in 1933, at which celebration it is estimated that more than 2,000,000 persons from all parts of the world viewed the sacred relic.

A further proof of the early veneration of the Holy Tunic is that of an ivory tablet that shows the giving of the sacred relic by St. Helena to the Church at Trier. Experts say this tablet dates back to the time of the holy Empress.

Regarding the authenticity of the Holy Tunic the Archbishop of Trier wrote in his pastoral letter of June 1, 1891. "According to the Decrees of the Council of Trent (Sess. XXV) bishops, in approving the public veneration of relics, should seek the advice of pious and learned men, and then make their decision according to truth and piety. Truth demands that we trust the venerable, constant tradition of Holy Mother Church, that we do not, without convincing arguments, accuse our forebears of ready credulity, or even of deceit. Such arguments have not yet been adduced. How could I assume that my predecessors on the chair of St. Eucharius were lacking in necessary prudence and watchfulness in such an important and holy cause in proving the authenticity of such a relic, despite the repeated, solemn regulation of the Church, or to have connived at a recognized deceit? Just at those times when the holy relic again attracted the attention of men, the Church of Trier was adorned by outstanding prelates, men like Egbert, Poppo, Eberhard, Udo, Bruno—sons of the noblest families, pious, yes, holy archbishops, remarkable as well for great learning as for truly priestly virtue. And these great men should have set aside all the regulations of the Church concerning the most important relic of this cathedral, should have been careless and unscrupulous? No! Piety, simple propriety, which we owe the stainless memory of these princes of the Church, rebels at such a false imputation. I am certain, and I ask you to pardon me when I affirm this, that for no price in the world would I cooperate in such a falsification of the devotion of my people; and these, my predecessors

and brothers in the episcopal office—I can say it with true humility and just pride—were better than I am. As guardian of the very ancient traditions of my cathedral church and the honor of its pastors I must cling to the conviction that this tradition rests upon truth, that the archbishops of Trier have neither deceived themselves nor permitted others to deceive them. Truly, I should have to fear to wrong the Church at Trier were I to consider this Relic as worthless, when my predecessors have considered it a most precious treasure."

These solemn expositions of the Holy Tunic have wrought much good in souls. The mere sight of the Sacred Garment has made the lukewarm fervent, has moved countless sinners to repentance, and has made many converts to the true faith.

One of the pilgrims to these solemn expositions describes his sentiments in the words: "As the pilgrims filed into the Cathedral, we felt our heart respond to the most thrilling impressions. In fact, what soul could remain unmoved by the sweet strains of those wonderful hymns that rose from the nave into the choir of the church and that seemed to be echoes from heaven rather than sounds of earth? Must not, in the midst of this humble, devout throng that adores Jesus Christ, its Savior, in this manner, a lukewarm faith take on new life? I beheld myself at this touching, truly moving spectacle suddenly transported to the cave of Bethlehem and placed at the feet of the Divine Infant. The sweet strains, in which joy and hope were expressed, reminded me of the song of the Angels. These silent, recollected peasants were like the shepherds of old. Those of more noble rank, who mingled with the crowd, resembled the Wise Men who brought gold, incense, and myrrh to the King of heaven and earth."

Not merely were souls cured by the sight of the Sacred Tunic, but bodily ailments experienced the "power that went forth from His garment," in the form of miraculous cures. That these were genuine and beyond dispute Dr. V. Hansen, the royal physician of the district of Trier, had eighteen miraculous cures investigated scientifically. He published the results of the investigation in a book in which he draws the conclusion: "Even if there should be such as do not see in these eighteen cases the immediate intervention of the omnipotence and grace of God, but like to believe that they can explain them in some other way, there still remain for them facts that human reason cannot explain according to its norm of judgment—facts that proud man must admit demonstrate the power of faith and give him ample material for serious reflection."

The reviewer of Dr. Hansen's book attests: "In all these miraculous interventions everything is in perfect harmony. They were made, in an age that shouted in chorus: 'There are no miracles in the course of things,' in order to refute lies by facts. These facts are so cited as though they had taken cognizance of the objections that would be raised against them, and, as they mutually support one another, these objections must vanish before this irrefutable evidence. The author who narrates them states them objectively. The palpable proofs offered leave no room for doubt. They must be regarded as purely objective happenings that one must acknowledge because he cannot deny them."

GOD'S PURPOSE

In his pastoral letter the Archbishop of Trier (1891) says: "What, then, is the powerful magnet that drew this vast concourse of (over a million) people to Trier? Was it curiosity? This may have been the case with some; but curiosity does not move an entire people in all its members, high and low, rich and poor, men of learning as well as simple workmen and peasants. A desire for earthly gain was much less the motive that caused this immense concourse of pilgrims. Trier, lying off the national highway, could offer no special attraction. It was a more sublime motive that inspired all, a wonderful, spiritual attraction that they followed. It was an irresistible power of faith, and at sight of the Holy Tunic faith was enlivened the more. . . . What should be the fruit of this celebration? In what manner should be observe it? We have no other end in view but the increase of faith in and love for our Divine Savior, and making firm a Christian way of life. How much we need this faith, especially in our times! How much we need a heavenly Physician Who will heal sick mankind! . . . Faith in the Redeemer must again be implanted in men's hearts; love, grown cold, must be kindled anew. In the life of the nations as in that of the individual the law of Christ must again be given full force. Nothing seems better suited to attain this end than litur-

gical celebrations which work powerfully on hearts through the senses. Such a celebration should be, above all, the public exposition and veneration of the Holy Tunic."

Of old God reminded His chosen people: "Thy raiment, with which thou wast covered, hath not decayed for age, and thy foot is not worn, lo, this is the *fortieth* year" (Deut. 8:4). For nineteen centuries the Heavenly Father has preserved the Tunic of His only-begotten Son intact. But for what purpose? Is it that our faith may be enkindled in our love for our Redeemer? Is it to signify the unity that should exist among all men as the answer to Jesus' prayer at the Last Supper "that all may be one, even as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee" (St. John 17:21)? Is it to be, like Joseph's blood-stained coat, a constant reminder of what our sins have done to the Wearer thereof? Is it that those who see it may believe? One day I acted as guide through our Abbey Church for a non-Catholic lady. As we came to St. Meinrad's altar I told her that behind the red curtain of the glass-door tabernacle a relic of the True Cross was preserved. Enraptured, she exclaimed (*fortissimo*): "OH! how 'Mahvelous' to possess such an exquisite treasure!" But when I reminded her that in the altar just opposite the God Who died upon the Cross,

was reserved, her reaction was only: "oh! (*pianissimo*)."

For such a person this relic may serve as a stepping stone from the region of sense and sentimental emotionalism to that of spirit and unshakable faith. The Church uses relics to refer our devotion to those whose relics we venerate.

Yes, let us observe due order in our devotion. Whilst we *venerate* the Holy Cross on which our Redemption was wrought and the Seamless Tunic that covered the Body of our Savior for thirty-three years, let us not forget that we owe *adoration* to the Saviour Who hung upon the Cross and Who is really present on our altars, covered now with the spotless tunic of the appearance of bread.

Come Unto Me

Sometimes when my cross seems heavier—
Heavier far than I can bear,
Then unto the blue above me,
I lift my eyes in voiceless prayer;
Then all earthly cares and troubles
Seem to fade and melt away
And within my inmost heart
I can hear a loved Voice say;—
"Come thou unto Me and rest,
Lay thy aching, careworn head
Close upon My Sacred Breast,
For I shall defend thee ever
Should thy friends all turn away,
And I will forsake thee never
If thou wilt in My Heart stay.
When at last, thy sun is setting
Far into the distant west,
Thou shalt find a sweeter comfort,
Thou shalt find an endless rest."

—Hope—

Our Manners in Church

III. AT THE HOLY TABLE

HOLY COMMUNION DISTRIBUTED IN ALL MASSES

ORDINARILY one observes great decorum in all our churches. Even a more noticeable air of order prevails at the time Holy Communion is being distributed. The sacredness of the sacrament and the training from childhood assure us of the proper conduct so that there is very little at such a time to criticize.

However, even if in the eyes of many good order prevails, it sometimes happens that the priest and the servers see things at the Communion table that run the whole gamut from the sublime to the ridiculous. It is because we cannot observe ourselves that we should welcome a few pointers from others, and it is not unlikely that we may discover faults that have slipped our attention for years.

1. EUCHARISTIC FAST

There is, for instance, some variety of opinion among the laity about what constitutes and what violates the Eucharistic fast. All agree that to eat a lunch or a sandwich after midnight breaks the fast. Not all agree that chewing gum or

brushing the teeth violate the fast. So let us start with that.

The Eucharistic fast requires that from midnight until receiving Holy Communion, nothing be taken in the way of food or drink. Midnight is natural midnight at the place in which we are. In daylight-saving time, one may postpone the start of his Eucharistic fast until one o'clock after midnight, which is really midnight. War workers on night shifts can obtain special dispensations from their confessors to eat after midnight according to definite regulations and in some few places these dispensations have been published. Those who are dispensed have certain restrictions not unlike those imposed on those who wish to receive Holy Communion in an evening Mass. In such a case one must observe a fast for four hours before Communion. They may drink (not alcoholic liquors) as late as one hour before receiving. If you come into either of these classes, ask your pastor or confessor what you must do about observing the Eucharistic fast.

The sick and others in danger of death, as those about to be sent on a dangerous military mission at the front, who are receiving Holy Viaticum, need not be fasting. Invalids who have been sick for a month, and in all likelihood will continue so for some time, may receive Holy Communion as often as once or twice a week, even though it is necessary for them on those days to take medicine or some *liquid* nourishment before Holy Communion. (If they receive oftener, they must fast on other days.)

If one is not for any reason dispensed, he may not swallow anything in the nature of food, medicine, or drink, if he is to receive Holy Communion. This means anything put into the mouth. Should a particle of food, having previously lodged between the teeth, become loose, swallowing it would not break the fast. It does not come—since midnight—from without. Blood from bleeding gums, perspiration, saliva, cuticles from finger nails, particles of skin bitten from the lip—these are not taken as food and do not break the fast. Neither do drops of rain or flakes of snow that blow into the mouth. Scrupulous persons sometimes worry unnecessarily about these.

Chewing gum or tobacco certainly cannot be done easily without breaking the fast. Even if it could be it would seem irreverent to the Blessed Sacrament. Theoretically one might spit out everything, but in reality it is most probably not done. Smoking, while not a good practice before Communion, and the use of snuff, do not break the fast, for smoke is ordinarily inhaled into the lungs or other respiratory cavities—not into the stomach. Again it is preferable not to smoke to show greater respect for the Holy Eucharist.

One not only may, but should if possible, brush his teeth before Holy Communion. One may even use tooth paste or powder, provided he take care not to swallow any. Should he spit out all that he can, and some remain mingled with the natural saliva which he swallows, the Eucharistic fast is not broken. One may even gargle without breaking the fast, but it is a dangerous risk to take. An atomizer may be used without breaking the fast, but all the substance used must be spit out. A cook, fasting but preparing a meal, can taste the food if he or she is careful not to swallow any.

2. DRESS

It is with extreme reluctance that any pastor approaches this subject while in the pulpit. It is one about which we are all touchy. But for once let us put aside our sensitive selves and look at the matter objectively. We are talking about the most sacred act

of our lives. We are considering a sacrament, for the first reception of which we prepared minutely, wore very carefully chosen suits or veils. The most formal banquet in our nation's capital could never be half so exacting—yet, well—frequent repetition breeds familiarity and corresponding laxity. Would you like to see your daughter go to the altar to receive her *First* Holy Communion with bare legs? What is the difference between First and Hundred and First? You would not like to see sun vizors for veils on First Communicants. There are hot days, to be sure, when stockings prick and coats are most uncomfortable, but we can bear a little inconvenience for so great a gift. The coat might more easily be dispensed with than the stockings, for after all it is a second or third covering, a heavy one, whereas stockings are the only covering on the legs. But if a coat is not worn, at least shirts should be clean, sleeves should be rolled down and collars properly adjusted. It is the Lord!

Slacks and shorts, bobby-socks, halo-hats, shoulder straps and sleeveless dresses are not suitable for the Holy Table. Remember we agreed not to be touchy.

You can be touchy if you want to about the next point—it's lipstick! I cannot speak for all males, but I can say for those whom I have heard express themselves, that all advertisements to the contrary notwithstanding, no woman or girl has ever made herself anything but hideous by the loathesome practice of staining her face and lips. When small children steal their sister's lipsticks and bedaub God's beautiful masterpiece, the result is nothing short of desecration. Nuns somehow keep the bloom of clean lives and healthy youth without war paint. A clean face, even if spangled with freckles like a star-studded sky, is always more attractive than a painted mask. And anyway, for whom are these sirens making their lips "kissable"? Not for their Eucharistic Lord surely. But let me quote a reader of the gentler sex who wrote to have this point clarified in the articles on "Manners in Church."

"I hope you will say something to the girls and women about going to Holy Communion with lip rouge on their lips. . . . For one hour a week, or day, the women could make this sacrifice. This is only a suggestion, of course. It is true we receive the Sacred Host on our tongue, but accidents can happen and It could touch the upper lip."

3. AT THE HOLY TABLE

The Church encourages frequent Holy Communion, even daily, for all who are in the state of grace and who have the right intention. Regarding the first, if one has had the misfortune to commit a mortal sin, he may not approach Holy Communion *until he has gone to Confession*. An act of contrition does not suffice. It may restore the life of grace, but the Church specifical-



ly demands that confession is necessary before a grievous sinner can receive Holy Communion.

The right intention is rarely lacking. If a child receives just to "show off" or to win some praise from parents or teacher, the intention is not right. But no adult would receive Holy Communion except to increase grace in his soul and to combat the temptations of life.

National football teams and school basketball teams receiving in a body on the day of an important game will, we hope, have a better intention than merely victory. Their coaches will see that they do have.

In order that all may avail themselves of the Sacrament, the Church permits the distribution of Holy Communion outside of Mass, i.e., before or after or without Mass. The ideal is to receive in Mass; the other arrangements are a convenience to be used when necessary. This has been known to be abused to a point where persons went to Holy Communion on Sunday outside of Mass and then culpably missed Mass on the same day. Follow the custom in your parish. Receive at the appointed time, whether before, during, or after Mass.

Approach the railing by the aisles designated in your church. If the pastor says to come up the center aisle and return by the side aisles, do it that way to avoid confusion. A few parishioners are always known to resent the instructions of the pastor to do this, but delay, disturbance, and congestion are the results if no system is followed.

Those sitting at the aisle end of the seats should courteously let Communicants out and into the pews. Avoid crowding the aisles and pushing. While it is edifying to see families together at the Holy Table, husband and wife side by side, it is not edifying to see them maneuver an end run or a center rush to be side by side. Approach slowly, reverently, and with recollection and return the same way. It is best, if many are at the Holy Table, not to make any genuflections at all.

On the Table is, according to the Church's prescription, a Communion cloth. Because another regulation is not always observed, viz., that a *patena* be held by the server, many persons are accustomed to hold the Communion cloth under their chins. This is not necessary where the *patena* is used. It will serve to receive the Sacred Host and any particles that might fall. Fold the hands above the cloth and permit the server to hold the *patena* under your chin.

When the priest comes to you at the Holy Table, *close your eyes, tilt back your head, open your mouth, and extend the tongue slightly.* Most persons do this very easily. But there are variations. Some keep their eyes open very wide, but barely part their lips; some fail to show a tongue at all and the priest must deposit the Sacred Host in the cavernous regions beyond. The worst person to encounter, and the fear of every priest,

is the "snapper." Unsuspecting, the priest reaches the Sacred Host towards him or her when there is a sudden lunge and the priest is fortunate if he gets his fingers away in time. Persons, nervous in this way, should practice at home slowly before a mirror and learn to control their jerky movements.

A curtain-like moustache, while a rarity today, is an interesting handicap for some priests. It takes skill, too, to strike the tongue of the children who rock and sway in dizzy circles as they eagerly await the Sacred Host. Any priest enjoys imparting our Lord to their innocent souls, but one has to look twice sometimes to find them. Their heads hardly reach the railing. Very small children should stand—steady if possible—when receiving.

If the Sacred Host should fall onto the cloth or floor, point it out to the priest. Do not touch it unless you are told to do so. If it falls into the folds of your coat or other clothing, let the priest remove it and after Mass go to the sacristy where the spot touched by the Sacred Host may be properly purified. If two Hosts are placed on your tongue, nothing wrong has happened. You needn't worry in the least.

Return quietly to your place and make a thanksgiving of at least ten minutes. Less than that is not respectful.

Next Month: Listening to the Sermon. Readers are invited to send in comments and suggestions for these articles. Too late to include in the article on Confession was a letter from a priest suggesting that the following points be brought to the attention of our readers:

1. Children should be instructed to have something definite to confess when they come to confession. Some of them seem to be sent by their parents frequently and it is practically impossible to get them to confess any fault at all or to admit any fault when questioned.
2. It is not sufficient to mention what commandment has been broken. One must tell in what way the commandment has been sinned against. So vague a confession consumes much time while the confessor asks questions.
3. When a penitent has finished his confession, it is advised to say, "That is all, Father," or in some way indicate that the confession has been finished.



PEACE OFFERING

(A pilot's meditation on his sad duty to assist in the bombing of the ancient Abbey of Monte Cassino, Italy,
Feb. 15, 1944)

I

THE SENTINEL

Here...upon this mountain height...in heaven's virile atmosphere...and undimmed, limning light...you stood immovable throughout long years...as sentry with the all-alluring watchword—"PEACE!"...the God-made balm that brings surcease...to sin-wrought care and wells of bitter tears...that gush from pain-drilled hearts...For all your parts...so closely, firmly knit to form a citadel...against all floods of fierce, barbaric hordes...from unleashed Hell...that tells of bold defiance to all greedy, ghoulish, devas-

tating lords...who capture, torture, slay...all who their God-defiant will do not obey...OBEY!...Ah, yes, that is the magic key...to your true peace—tranquility of order where man serves his God...in every least beck and nod...of men who hold His place, who gladly left...beyond the world-excluding, monastery gate...all selfishness, all pride, all greed, all hate...and, of all earthly nothingness bereft...were free to make themselves a selfless sacrifice of love...to their and our liege Lord and God above.

II

THE ALTAR

High...as an ancient altar here you stand...raised to the vaulted, bright, star-tapered sky...God's temple, by skilled builders' hand...trained in St. Benedict's wise school...an altar, where each day the offering of self is laid...that each inhabitant by holy vows has made...a life to be consumed as holocaust according to the Rule...and motto wise—TO LABOR AND TO PRAY...Throughout each lease-lent day...and through the sacred vigils of the dreaming night arose...from choir, lone study cell, from open field, or shop of artisan...the sacrifice of never-ending praise

...to Him Who neither past nor future knows...from Nature's highpriest and ambassador—God-praising man...But soon this God-appeasing, Abel's sacrifice...of praise will rise no more...as incense to the ever-hearkening skies...as in the faith-ruled days of old...God's pardon and His blessings to implore...on men, as all true, world-encircling prayer must...Instead, as Cain's rejected offering, your smoke...will earthward roll to choke...your ceaseless song, when you will crash and crumble into silent dust...your fires of worship all extinguished, cold.

III

THE OFFERING

Now I...soar through the mourning, cloud-veiled sky...not on a dove's soft, singing wings...with verdant olive branch within its beak...to glide in graceful curves and land...upon true hospitality's right hand...outstretched from true religion and fine culture's ark...moored to this Mount as once on Ararat old Noe's bark...but by a high command to wreak...dire havoc on this citadel, this altar, and deep learning's well...to blast therefrom the blatant infidel...on whose dull ears our warning fell in vain...With eye trained on its helpless prey...my dark, steel-feathered, bombing bird must lay...hard, cruel, death-filled, all-destroying eggs like pelting rain...upon your age

grooved, massive, consecrated walls...where sages, saints and unsung heroes lived in hallowed, silent halls...all this the ruthless Demon War demands...While bombs make holocaust of all below...my pounding heart in wrenching woe...pounds out this prayer...as I fly with the squadron in the air..."May not my deed, O God, tie Your grace-laden Hands!...Oh, to this age-old tree, again cut down, new vigor give...to sprout anew and form a home, where live...again in PEACE—a blessing made world-wide—the men who, by God's promise to St. Benedict, in every age and clime...will serve all men unto the end of time.



SUCCISA

WHEN CUT DOWN

VIRESCIT

IT GROWS AGAIN

COAT OF ARMS

OF MONTE CASSINO.



A Grim Casualty of War

Peter Behrman, O.S.B.

UNLIKE any war heretofore fought on earth, the present conflict reaches for miles into the sky and to unwonted depths in the sea. Deserts and mountains, cities and solitudes have been left battle-scarred in the fury of this unprecedented destruction. Besides the dimensions of length and width and depth, which take in our entire globe and its enfolding clouds, there is a fourth dimension into which the warriors of today have directed ruin—namely, time. A block-buster dropped from the clouds wipes out in the flash of an explosion decades and sometimes centuries of work and history. The pyramids of Egypt, built in the dawn of history, were hardly safe in the days of the African campaign; the timeless contour of mountains and the ageless beds of streams have been transformed to make way for the forces of destruction. Nothing comes unscathed from the ravages of this disaster.

We have grown accustomed to the ruin that is called "leveling a city" or "annihilating an army." "Devastating," "pulverizing," and "exterminating" as words are losing some of their force, just as "record flight" and "greatest fleet" have lost force by their frequent use. It is a strange state of affairs; we go to war to save something by destroying it. It is like shooting a man to keep him from dying; burning a house down to keep it from being blown down. Yes, we shatter the landmarks of history so that history may be made and remembered.

John Lardner, a writer in *Newsweek* for February 28, made the statement that probably only "one in five

thousand soldiers...knew what the hell Monte Cassino was about." That (without the profanity) may be true. But the intrinsic worth of a thing does not always depend on how well it is known. Perhaps not one in five thousand can tell, either, what produces electricity, or where the light plant for the city is located, but they enjoy the services of the electricity nonetheless. If not one in five thousand know who Karl Marx was or who Nietzsche was, the disastrous effects of their teaching are not lessened by that fact.

Monte Cassino and its part in history are important even to those who never heard of it until the radio brought word of its destruction to a news-hungry world. The poetry and romance that most persons associate with monasteries, especially old ones, caused some to lament the loss. But those who knew the learning, the art, the sanctity, that had gone forth from those walls to make this world a better place to live in did more than cluck their tongues. Those who knew that it was from this mountain fastness that the great Patriarch of Western Monachism gave to the world his motto of PAX saw in the bombing an attempt of the archenemy of peace to destroy the ideals and lofty hopes of humanity. They knew that one of the world's oldest museums of culture was struck off the list of "must" places of interest for world tourists; they knew that the tree of peaceful and righteous living had been hacked down and left bleeding. The American who generously and with good intent, though with equal thoughtlessness said that his country could replace the ancient abbey, did not realize that electric clocks and American-made elevators will never restore the

sacred pavement trod by monks, scholars, saints of fourteen centuries, or bring back bells that once called Thomas of Aquino to his studies and Popes-to-be to their meager monastic fare.

The imposing mountain, standing like a giant sentinel at the gateway to the Liri Valley, eighty and more miles from Rome, has served as an observation tower for some of the critical battles of history. From that lofty height, too, saints and scholars have studied the starry skies that served as a spatial timepiece that needed no winding up. By its regularity the monks of St. Benedict rose to chant their divine praise at an hour when most of the world reclined luxuriously in the arms of Morpheus. From it these same men have looked out over the approaching hordes of barbarians, bent on plunder and pillage. From this spot St. Benedict saw the entire world in a vision and was shown the future of that world. Who knows—in that crystal he may have seen the events of 1944 that were to level his primal abbey.

MONTE CASSINO DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES

MONTE CASSINO, about half way between Rome and Naples, a small mountain floating in the air, as it seems to the eye of the traveller, was in ancient times the arx or citadel of the Latin town Casca or Cassinum situated at the base of the mountain. During the Samnite Wars, about 312 B. C., Cassinum was captured by the Romans and was made a Roman colony. With it the mountain also came under Roman sway. For centuries Monte Cassino had been sacred to the god Apollo; Venus was also worshipped there, when Benedict of Nursia in 529 A. D. scaled its heights and established there the bulwark that was to save civilization from ruin. The Roman Empire was then tottering to its ruin and threatened to engulf civilization in its destruction.

CONDITIONS AT END OF FIFTH CENTURY

With the death of Theodosius the Great (395 A. D.) the last protecting rampart of civilization

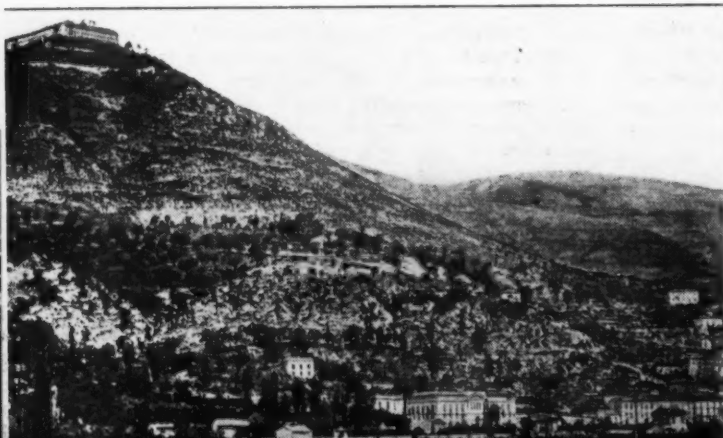
was torn away. Wave after wave of barbarian hordes swept over Italy. The Visigoths, the Suevi, the Huns, and the Vandals passed only to pillage and plunder, but the Heruli and the Ostrogoths came to stay. Havoc indescribable was the result of these repeated incursions. "Eternal" Rome which at the time of Augustus counted its inhabitants by the million, now was a city of only forty or fifty thousand. Basilicas and churches stood vacant. Palaces and theaters were falling into ruins. Everywhere destruction and desolation met the eye. Nor did the provinces fare much better. Gaul was in the grip of the Franks, Spain was occupied by the Visigoths, while Britannia trembled before the Picts, the Scots, and the Saxons. The Church, too, the only uplifting force that remained, was more than ever afflicted by heresy and schism, which weak popes, the obscure successors of the great St. Leo, knew not how to repress. "Confusion, corruption, despair, and death were everywhere," says Montalembert. But "a star had now risen in Juda" and this was none other than Benedict of Nursia.

DAWN OF A NEW ERA

Benedict, who was born in 480 A. D. of noble parentage, was sent to Rome to study. Appalled at the vice and crime he beheld around him, he fled into solitude. High up on the mountain side in a grotto of the rugged regions around Subiaco, some forty miles from Rome, he spent three years in prayer and fasting. In the course of time, as disciples gathered around him, he built for them twelve monasteries, each inhabited by an abbot and twelve monks. To escape the persecutions of a wicked priest, jealous of his constantly increasing fame, Benedict withdrew to Monte Cassino, a landed estate donated to him by the patrician Tertullus, the father of his favored disciple Placidus.

Upon arriving at Monte Cassino, Benedict's first care was to destroy the temple of Apollo, to burn the grove sacred to Venus, and to erect a chapel in honor of St. John the Baptist, and an oratory in honor of St. Michael. His next care was to preach the Gospel to the people of the surrounding country. As his abode he chose an old tower built by the Romans centuries before, and beside it he built a small monastery for his disciples. This Roman tower and the Monastery were the cradle of the Benedictine Order. It was in this tower that this greatest of Roman lawgivers wrote for his disciples the famous

Archabbey of Monte Cassino



Rule that, as Dr. Walsh says, brought happiness to a greater number of people than any other document written by the hand of man.

REFORM INAUGURATED

That he was starting the greatest reform movement of the Christian era; that he was establishing a secure harbor where learning might prosper and be preserved to be passed down to future generations; that he was inaugurating a missionary movement that would one day be the greatest factor in the conversion and civilization of Europe, all these things hardly entered the mind of the Patriarch as he sat in his cell writing down practical regulations for the governing of his little monastic community.

Providence decreed that the holy Patriarch was not to go to his reward until he had firmly established the institution he had founded. The peace it enjoyed during his lifetime, and the goodly number of years he was able to direct it, permitted him to instruct his disciples thoroughly in discipline and asceticism while the esteem in which he was everywhere held afforded the means of sustenance. Even during the lifetime of the saint his infant Order took root, not only in Italy but also in France and Sicily, and at the time of his death was in flourishing condition.

DISASTER STRIKES THE HOLY MOUNT

Forty years after the death of the founder (589 A. D.) there came upon the holy mountain the first disaster, which he had foretold and which, by many prayers and tears to the Almighty, he had striven to avert. Duke Zoto of Beneventum with his fierce Lombards fell upon the monastery in the stillness of the night and plundered it. All the monks escaped alive, as Benedict had predicted, and, with their Abbot, Bonitus, fled to Rome, where Pope Pelagius II provided for them an asylum near the Basilica of St. John Lateran.

The removal from Monte Cassino to Rome; the change from country to city life, did not fail to influence the life and customs of the monks. Labor of the mind, study, and the copying of books was now more stressed than labor of the hands. It is quite likely that the influence of Cassiodorus, the statesman monk, though not a Benedictine, had something to do with effecting this change. Another innovation, the change from a lay to an ecclesiastical order, now only a short step, was accomplished mainly through the influence of St. Gregory the Great. This greatest of Popes may truly be called the propagator of the Order of St. Benedict.

Not only did he found many monasteries within the confines of Italy and beyond, not only did he, in 596, send St. Augustine with forty monks to convert England, but he also influenced many monasteries in Italy, France and Spain to change their respective rules for that of St. Benedict. By these measures he drew them, as well as the countries in which they were situated, closer to Rome, the center of Christendom.

MONTE CASSINO INHABITED AGAIN

For nearly a century and a half Monte Cassino had lain in ruins. Only a number of hermits still hallowed the spot with their vigils and prayers when Pope Gregory II determined to raise it out of the dust. He chose as his instrument Petronax, a pious nobleman of Brescia. Taking with him a number of monks from the monastery near the Lateran, Petronax arrived at Monte Cassino in 717, and there was joined by the hermits of the neighborhood and the monks from St. Vincent's, a small monastery not far off. The blessing of God rested on the undertaking. As its disaster had come from the hands of the Duke of Beneventum, so was the restoration of Monte Cassino at least partly effected by the hand of another Duke of Beneventum, namely by Gisulf, who donated to the monks a large tract of land, the nucleus of what later became the little state of San Germano. In 748 Pope Zachary in the presence of thirteen archbishops and seventy-eight bishops solemnly dedicated the new church. He restored to the monks the original copy of the Rule written by the hand of St. Benedict and exempted the monastery from all episcopal jurisdiction. Moreover, he also donated to them valuable manuscripts of Holy Scripture, thus laying the foundation of a new library. By these and other favors—yet more by the zeal and industry of Petronax and his monks—a period of progress in art and culture no less than in the service of God was begun at Monte Cassino so that it soon rivalled its daughter monasteries—St. Gaul, Reichenau, and Corvey, then among the most famous resorts of scholars in Europe.

MONTE CASSINO A SEAT OF LEARNING AND SANCTITY

Baronius, speaking of the prosperity to which Monte Cassino attained under Abbot Petronax compares it to a beehive from which new swarms continually went forth. He then adds: "This much I can say without fearing to be accused of a lie that in the whole world there never existed a monastery from which went forth so many holy and learned men—and from which so many were called to rule the See of Peter, that it can be truly called



Interior of Cathedral—Basilica of Archabbey of Monte Cassino

a training school for rulers of the Church." The esteem in which Monte Cassino was held at this time is further attested by the fact that the two crowned heads, Carloman, King of Austrasia, and Ratchis, King of the Lombards, chose, after laying aside the royal purple, to end their days in the peace of its quiet. This esteem was shown, furthermore, by Charlemagne, who, upon a visit to Monte Cassino, was so edified at what he saw there that he asked for monks from that monastery to reform some of the monasteries in France. Similarly, Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, knew of no better place where Sturmius, destined to be the first Abbot of Fulda, might imbibe the true Benedictine spirit than at the cradle of the Order.

In the field of literature, too, Monte Cassino produced during the so-called Dark Ages men of outstanding fame. Among these may be mentioned Hilderich, the poet; Aegidius, the Athenian, who wrote on medicine; Abbot Bertharius, who wrote two books on medicine, some homilies, and a commentary on Holy Scripture. But the most eminent

figure of them all, as well as of the scholars of his day, was Paul Warnefried, better known as Paul the Deacon, a writer in many fields, but above all a historian of merit, who wrote more than two dozen volumes of history.

ANOTHER DISASTER BRINGS RUIN

Monte Cassino was still at the height of prosperity when a storm threatened it from the South, which all the efforts of the good and wise Abbot Bertharius could not ward off. The Saracens, having taken firm root in Southern Italy, constantly extended their excursions farther north. In vain did Bertharius seek to buy them off with three thousand gold pieces; in vain did he strengthen the fortifications of Monte Cassino and of San Salvatore—a monastery at the foot of the mountain. In the night of September 12, 884, Monte Cassino was razed to the ground for the second time, and many of its monks were slain by the cruel Sons of the Desert. When Abbot Bertharius, who happened to be at San Germano at the time, received the sad

news, he began immediately to prepare for the worst. After sending some of the monks with the most precious treasures of the monastery to safety, he, with the others, awaited the crown of martyrdom, which was at hand. Forty days after the massacre on Monte Cassino the Saracens came to complete the bloody work. San Salvator, too, was given a prey to the flames. Abbot Bertharius was killed at the Altar while offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

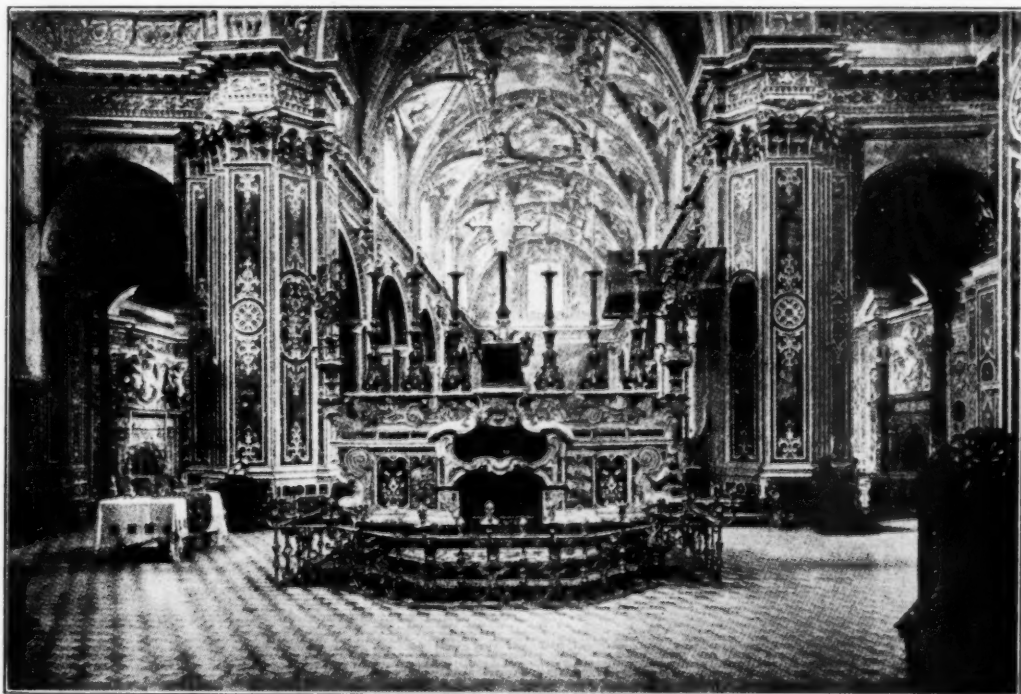
Monte Cassino was no more. At the time little hope was entertained for its rebuilding. Yet a seed had been saved by the prudence of Abbot Bertharius. These monks under the leadership of Angelar settled down for a time in a little monastery in Teano, north of Capua. For them the cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing in 897, when they were made homeless by a fire which burned their monastery, burying in its ashes a priceless treasure—the original of the Holy Rule of St. Benedict.

ASYLUM IN CAPUA AND RETURN TO MONTE CASSINO

For a time the monks received shelter in the palace of the Bishop of Teano. But a trial of a different nature now came upon them. In order that he might lord it over their patrimony, Duke Landulph

prevailed on them to come to Capua, where he had built for them a monastery. In 926 they removed thither. But as Cassinese austerity could not be bedfellow with Capuan luxury, it consequently soon departed—to the chagrin and great sorrow of the more zealous monks. These, headed by Aligernus, appealed to Pope Agapitus to use his influence with Landulph to let the monks return to Monte Cassino. The appeal had the desired effect; all the monks, "young and old," were commanded by the Pope to return to Monte Cassino.

As the first return of the monks to Monte Cassino had taken place under the direction of the saintly Abbot Petronax, so the second, in 949, was mainly the work of the noble Abbot Aligernus. He put forth such great efforts, not only to retrieve the losses of rights and property, but also to revive the ancient discipline, and to arouse renewed interest in art and science, that he may rightly be termed the third founder of Monte Cassino. The success Aligernus attained in the restoration is strikingly attested by St. Nilus, who was so edified at what he saw there that he composed a song in praise of St. Benedict and Monte Cassino; but what was St. Nilus's disappointment and sorrow when a few years later he found all changed for



Tomb of St. Benedict in Crypt of Basilica

the worse. This time he did not tarry but departed immediately, saying to his companions: "Let us hurry away for the vengeance of God is near." Manso, the successor of the holy Aligernus, who attained to the abbatial dignity through the influence of the Duke of Capua, was the cause of this unhappy change. The vengeance of God, foretold by St. Nilus, did not delay long in overtaking Manso. Having fallen into the hands of his enemies, who deprived him of his eyesight, he died shortly after. The misrule of Manso, however, was not devoid of all good fruit. A number of the monks, disgusted with existing conditions, left Monte Cassino and founded other monasteries. Fully half a dozen new foundations thus came into existence. The successor of Manso once more walked the way of the Lord.

The zealous Richer was followed by the pious Peter I (1055-1057). He in turn was followed by Frederic of Lorraine, who later as Stephen X (d. 1058) became the third of the so-called reform Popes. Then came the great Desiderius, under whose administration Monte Cassino attained to the zenith of its glory. This truly great man, whose special aim in life seems to have been to remain unknown, was everywhere pursued by honor and distinction until, much against his will, he was raised to the papal throne as Victor III in 1086.

REIGN OF ABBOT DESIDERIUS

Abbot Desiderius was blessed in 1058 by Pope Nicholas III himself, who immediately after his benediction made him a cardinal. The new Abbot's first care was directed toward the construction of more extensive and adequate living quarters for the monks. He then centered all his attention on the erection of a beautiful basilica. All Italy, and even Greece and Alexandria, contributed toward this vast undertaking. The Abbot himself, who was well-known because of his family connections and his travels, and whose winning ways made him welcome everywhere, gathered a variety of marble, precious stones, and antiques in various cities of Italy and especially at Rome. His agents scoured the country from Almalfi in the South to Lombardy in the North in search of skilled artists and artisans. From Alexandria artists were summoned to lay the floor; at Constantinople the massive bronze doors were made. In 1071, when all was finished, the new basilica was dedicated with becoming festivity. Assisted by seven cardinals, ten archbishops, forty-four bishops, and a great number of priests, religious, and princes, Pope Alexander II performed the ceremony.

But external splendor and prosperity was not Desiderius' main and only care. With untiring zeal he fostered piety and labored for the observance and promotion of discipline. It is not a little to his credit that Monte Cassino at this time produced a number of men noted for extraordinary piety, several of whom are honored as saints.

To relate all that the great abbot and his monks did for the cause of reform would be beyond the sphere of the present paper. Yet this may be said that the reform Popes looked upon Monte Cassino as a training school of leaders and co-workers, for within seventy years it gave to the Church three Popes, eighteen Cardinals, twenty-three Archbishops and Bishops. It was but natural then that the Popes cherished the venerable monastery, which was such a firm prop to the Holy See, and honored it with many visits. Up to the beginning of the twelfth century twenty-three such visits are recorded.

When the great Hildebrand, Gregory VII, lay dying at Salerno, he could think of no better man to continue his work of reform than the Abbot of Monte Cassino. Accordingly, after the death of Gregory, Desiderius was proclaimed Pope on Easter, 1086. No doubt the first reason for this choice was the personality of Desiderius. Yet a second reason was the greatness of Monte Cassino, which, now at the zenith of its glory, possessed two dukedoms, besides other territorial districts, cities, towns, landed estates, and harbors. Under its jurisdiction were also numerous churches. Many monasteries, too, acknowledged the abbot of Monte Cassino as their superior.

MONTE CASSINO SINCE THE ELEVENTH CENTURY

Among the many epithets by which Monte Cassino has been called in ancient and modern times, there is probably none that will strike the fancy of the learned world more than that of "Athens of Italy." It was especially at the time of Abbot Desiderius (1059-1087) that Monte Cassino deserved this title.

Italian writers of later times vie with one another in praising this home of learning. Gioberti calls it "a beacon light in the midst of darkness," and, "the haunt of the Muses." Giannone, speaking of the eleventh century, says: "The Cassinese monks not only excelled in those branches in which their calling naturally interested them, but they did excellent work also in the field of profane literature and learning; the little that was at that time known among us was harbored by them."

The subjects most frequently dealt with were theology, history, and medicine. But mathematics,

astronomy, and music were also treated in a masterly manner. Abbot Desiderius greatly enlarged and developed the school of copyists so that it was renowned both for the exquisite and artistic workmanship and for the number of books it produced. In fact, every worthwhile work was copied and stored in the library.

Among the long list of authors whose works were copied, we find the names of Gregory of Tours, Josephus Flavius, Tacitus, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, and even the Greek Homer. The most important of them all, in so far as it had such tremendous influence upon the succeeding centuries, are the volumes of the Justinian Code which formed the groundwork for the rising law schools. These, as Giannone states, were to be seen only at Monte Cassino.

Here, too, it seems in place to give Monte Cassino credit for its share in the rise of the universities. For some maintain that the first university originated at Salerno, directly under Cassinese influence, others, that it arose at the law school of Bologna, to which Monte Cassino offered a most important contribution in the Justinian Code that was so extensively studied.

Leo of Ostia was the greatest and the last of the scholars of this period. With him the generation of learned and pious men that had held aloft the torch of learning passed away. Material splendor and the luster of great men had attracted to Monte Cassino the younger sons of the nobility who sought there rather an easy and honorable livelihood than a life of prayer and study. We also find the succeeding abbots giving way more to a worldly and warlike spirit engendered by their position as secular princes and their relations with the kings of Sicily and with the Emperors.

The year 1239 brought the expulsion of the monks by Frederic II, who was more interested in harems than in monasteries. He repopled the monastery with his Saracen soldiers, who revelled in its hallowed precincts until the arrival of Charles of Anjou in 1266.

Again a Pope took it upon himself to restore Monte Cassino. This was Urban IV, who in 1263 designated Bernard Ayglerius, Abbot of Lerin—a pious and prudent man—to restore and reform Monte Cassino. He was successful in so far as he won back for the venerable archabbey its rights and privileges. At the request of his saintly friend, Thomas Aquinas, a former student of the monks at Monte Cassino, he also established a monastery for the Dominicans in San Germano.

Another change came upon the archabbey in 1294 when the saintly and well-meaning, though at times

less prudent, Celestine V placed the Celestians—monks of an Order of his own foundation, on the "Holy Mount." Boniface VIII, however, in the same year restored the Benedictines. Another change, still more abortive, was wrought by Pope John XXII, who, by the Bull "Supernus Opifex" of May 2, 1321, raised the abbey church to the rank of Cathedral, made the Abbot Bishop, and raised the monks to Cathedral Canons. The change, though well meant, was not for the better, mainly for the reason that the foreign and secular bishops, appointed at Avignon, cared for the revenue indeed, but not for the material and spiritual prosperity of the abbey. The vassals of the monastery also rebelled about this time; the Hungarians came to pillage and plunder, and the disaster was made complete when in 1349 an earthquake reduced Monte Cassino to a heap of ruins.

The blow was a crushing one. For ten years the few remaining monks dwelt in miserable hovels, guarding the ruins. Once more a Pope, Urban V, who was himself a Benedictine, came to the rescue. He named himself abbot, and revoked the decree that had clothed the abbots with the episcopal dignity, in order that they might devote themselves entirely to the governing of their community. Then he taxed all the Benedictine monasteries in order to rebuild their common motherhouse. When the monastery was ready for occupation, he repopled it with monks from two exemplary monasteries and in 1370 appointed as abbot Andreas de Faenza, a Camaldulense monk. Partly during the short abbacy of this worthy man, and more so during that of his successor, Pietro de Tartario (1374-1395), the reorganization made great headway, but after his death it was again retarded by the Neapolitan wars.

Great disaster came upon the Benedictine abbeys during the second half of the fifteenth century with the spread of the "Commendam." Under the pretext of righting abuses, many abbeys were given over to laymen that they might administer the temporalities thereof. This pernicious system was advocated by the lawyers of the time in the interest of the princes, who, in nearly all cases, used it to rob the monasteries only to enrich themselves. From 1453 to 1504 Monte Cassino groaned under the rule of commendatory abbots, who ruthlessly robbed it to the great detriment of its temporal and spiritual well-being.

Julius II, whose name has gone down into history as "Liberator of the Church," proved himself a true liberator when he rid Monte Cassino of this pernicious abuse. In 1504 he decreed that the monastery join the Congregation of St. Justina

which, in deference to the mother abbey, changed its name to that of Monte Cassino. A true monastic spirit soon revived and the monastery again prospered materially and spiritually. During the sixteenth century its abbot still held spiritual jurisdiction over four dioceses with 1662 churches. Besides this, he was secular lord over two principalities with twenty counties and 440 villages.

The extensive revenue of the monastery, accruing from its vast possessions, which for half a century had flowed into the private coffers of the commendatory abbots was now applied by the worthy Abbot Squarcialupi to a much needed restoration and renovation of buildings. In 1515 an extensive building program was launched, the execution of which extended over many years.

From the sixteenth century to the end of the eighteenth the monks enjoyed a long period of comparative tranquility. There are no great disasters to record, nor are there any very outstanding achievements to be mentioned, but the proverbial monastic prayer and work ran its daily course and the results, though hidden from the eye of man, are no doubt duly recorded in the "Book of Life." The last year of the eighteenth century, however, was to be signalized by a storm from the North. The French Revolution, which spelled destruction to many a monastery, was not to leave Monte Cassino unscathed. The French soldiers robbed the monastery of many of its art treasures and used some of the most valuable documents of the archives to start their fires. Whether the priceless treasure, the last page of the original of the Rule of Saint Benedict, with the last chapter, fared the same fate is not certain. This much is certain, that it has not been found since.

After the departure of the French, the monks dwelt in peace until 1860 when they were again robbed by the Neapolitans. Six years later followed a general suppression of the monasteries by the Piedmontese from which Monte Cassino was not exempted. It was not, however, entirely suppressed but created a national museum of which the Abbot and the monks were designated custodians.

Though their monastery has during the past fourteen centuries been eight times destroyed, and their work has as many times come to naught, the zeal of the Cassinese monks for art and learning has not abated to the present day. Proof of their industry were the two large library buildings filled with 55,000 tomes. Eight hundred manuscripts, dated earlier than the 14th century, and 500 works of the first century of printing, a complete school of illumination together with nine palimpsests com-

prised some of the most valued treasures of this library. The archives, too, with more than a thousand documents—bearing the signatures of popes, emperors, kings, and princes formed a veritable treasure.

At the time it became a national monument, the monastery was on the verge of losing its priceless manuscripts, but, thanks to the intervention of Mr Gladstone, the eminent English statesman, the orders that these be transported to Naples were rescinded. Instead, one of the monks was appointed archivist and was paid an annual salary by the government.

In the meantime, the monks, though hampered somewhat in their activity by government control, were not idle hoarders of their treasures. One of their number, the late P. Luigi Tosti, has for his excellent research work been acclaimed the greatest historian of his day in Italy. To render their treasures accessible to the scholar world the monks issued a catalog in which all the codices and documents that were preserved in the library were accurately listed. An excellent collection of modern texts and an "apparatus criticus" for reading the ancient texts were always freely offered to the scholars who came to consult their manuscripts.

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THE GRAIL

St. Meinrad, Indiana

The Glories of Mary Rose Ferron

O. A. Boyer, S.T.L.

The October (1943) Grail narrated in condensed form the entire life of Mary Rose Ferron, the stigmatised mystic of Woonsocket, Rhode Island. The current series of articles deals with the character and virtues manifested in her life. The number of remarkable favors obtained by those who have had recourse to her is rapidly growing. A few of them will be printed in this series. THE GRAIL wishes to observe the decree of Pope Urban VIII and the other sovereign pontiffs, and to declare that the graces related in these articles rest on human authority alone. It is not the intention of the writer or of the magazine to anticipate the pronouncements of the Holy See in regard to the virtues and merits of Mary Rose Ferron. Leaflets for private devotion, bearing the *Imprimatur* of Bishop Francis J. Monaghan, may be had from THE GRAIL.

THE EFFECTS of Mary Rose Ferron's personality on her friends are mentioned in letters and testimonials written by them during and after her lifetime. These effects vary with different persons, revealing now a spiritual attraction, now a feeling of the Divine Presence, and at times a deep penetration into the minds of others.

SPIRITUAL ATTRACTION

FATHER P. LEFORT of West Chazy, N. Y., on seeing Rose for the first time thought she had such a great resemblance to the Little Flower whom he had known that he could not help telling her so.

After his visit to Woonsocket, he called on me and said, "Rose has not only the physical resemblance of the Little Flower, but she has also her power of attraction; when we are with Rose, we don't know when to leave and when we are gone our hearts irresistibly cling to her memory."

"That's the way the Little Flower acted on me and on all the children of my age who visited the Carmel. Her personality impressed us so that she seemed to follow us wherever we went; she really lived with us. Her spiritual attraction was like a magnet, she drew us to the monastery, for

if one of us had a penny, we all filed there to buy a medal and see her (at that time, for some reason, the Little Flower was selling religious articles).

"During and after my visits with Rose, I went through the same experience as I did years ago, when I visited the Little Flower. She inspired me with the same confidence and I really have the same veneration for both of them. You know, I'm going back to Woonsocket to see her."

This attitude towards Rose urged Father Lefort to insist on a French translation of "She Wears a Crown of Thorns" and to contribute in a most generous way towards its publication.

SPIRITUAL RADIATION

In 1929, while in Woonsocket, R. I., Mr. G. L. Desaulniers called on me. He was interested in Little Rose and wanted to know more about her. This gentleman was a college graduate, a prominent citizen of that city, and a successful business man. He was an outstanding figure in his community. Father Joachim, a Franciscan Father, looked upon him as a saint. As a matter of fact, he was a leader in the Third Order of St. Francis. The pastor of his parish had appointed him trustee of the Church and on account of his services to the Church, Bishop Hick-



Rose's Father
Mr. J. B. Ferron

ey obtained for him the title of "Knight of St. Gregory."

As Mr. Desaulniers looked upon Rose as a Saint and did not hesitate to give out his opinion of her, I asked him the reason for his conviction. He answered me as follows:

"When I called on Rose for the first time, I went there with some of my friends who were also Rose's friends. We spent the evening chatting and laughing together, and without noticing anything extraordinary in Rose's behavior; but when we walked out of her room, I turned around to take a last glance at her and was struck by her appearance; her face had taken on something I cannot describe, she was heavenly. It reminded me of something I had seen. I do not know where or when, nor do I know what you would call it. All that remains in mind is that I have seen it in a vision. I have never spoken about this to anyone except to my pastor, Father Dauray."

As Mr. Desaulniers hesitated to tell me of his experience, I felt that I was confronted with a case of intellectual vision and wanted to know more about it, so I insisted on his telling us about the vision.

"I saw," he said, "an old lady bent over with years climbing up a long stair, the base of which rested on the earth and the top of which ended in heaven. She was going up slowly, and apparently with the difficulty of a person of her age. She had a basket on her arm full of paper scrolls. These papers appeared to be certificates, tied and labelled and standing upright in the basket. I could read on the labels such names as chastity, patience, long-suffering, sacrifice, charity, etc., etc. I felt that each roll contained a testimonial of one of her virtues.

"When she arrived at the top of the stairway, at what appeared to be the gate of heaven, she was met by several persons who questioned her. I did not know the persons, nor could I hear what they said; but I understood what they meant and by their actions I could tell who they were. I felt sure St. Peter was there. I recognized the Virgin Mary by her motherly attitude, and I knew our Lord by the final decision He was asked to give. There were also several others whom I took for Apostles. They spoke to each other, but not with words. They would glance at the labels on the scrolls which were in the old lady's basket and by the expression of their faces and the motions of their eyes, I understood they were judging the old lady who was applying for admission. Finally, our Lord spoke, the sentence was given, the group that

stood in the doorway opened their ranks and the old lady in her humble way, entered and as she was advancing in the presence of her judges, the vision disappeared.

"Now, when I turned around to take a last glance at Rose, she was radiant like the beings of my vision. This was the only time I saw her like that. This heavenly appearance and my acquaintance with her has convinced me, she is a little Saint and that's the name I use whenever I speak of her."

EXPERIMENTAL FEELING OF DIVINE PRESENCE

The following description is written by a Mercy Nun.

On a visit to my home in Central Falls, which as you know is not far from Woonsocket, I determined to visit Rose, despite the fact that I did not know her address. When we reached the Social District we inquired of several people but no one knew. As we drove along still hoping to find her, our car suddenly slowed up near a garage. We drove into the garage, as it was raining. We then inquired of a man who had just come in. He not only gave us Rose's address but told us to drive up to Holy Family Convent and that his little daughter would meet us there and accompany us to Rose's home. Father, we were thrilled! We thought he had come straight from heaven to help us out, but he proved to be Mr. Savard.

His daughter met us as he had said. The sign on the house would have deterred us had she not been with us. When we finally entered Rose's room and exchanged a few words with her I whispered to the girl, "Tell her I would like to see her alone." No one heard me, yet Rose knew what I had said. She invited the others to go into her chapel. I remained with her. As soon as we were alone, Father, the supernatural atmosphere became so overwhelming that I really felt that our Lord was going to appear. I felt His presence so strongly that I asked Rose if I should kneel. She answered, "If you wish." It was the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me. Oftentimes after receiving Holy Communion or when kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament I have experienced spiritual consolation but never anything like that in Rose's room. She was the most wonderful person I have ever met and I thank God for my one sweet visit with her. I will never forget it.

In the second paragraph I omitted to tell you, Father, that after receiving all the information we needed about Rose, the repair man in the garage said, "There is nothing wrong with this car," and we drove right out with no more trouble. Even our chauffeur said that it was God's way of letting us find Rose.

ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS



Australian and American soldiers who were confirmed by Father Gerhard. Chaplains of the group are also on the picture.

Once again February was a month of professions and consequent increase in the monastic family. On February 4, eight of the clerics made their Solemn Profession. During the ceremony we made the interesting observation that these eight men hail from four different dioceses. Fraters Athanasius Ballard, O.S.B., Nicholas Schmidt, O.S.B., and Edwin Miller, O.S.B., were born in the Archdiocese of Louisville, Ky.; Fraters Alan Berndt, O.S.B., and Alban Berling, O.S.B., first saw the light of day in the Diocese of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Fraters Fabian Frieders, O.S.B., and Eric Lies, O.S.B., are sons of the Diocese of Rockford, Ill., home of our Marmion Priory and Military Academy; and Frater Bartholomew Fuerst, O.S.B., is the lone representative of our own Diocese of Indianapolis, Ind. On February 12-13 Father Abbot conferred Tonsure and the first two Minor Orders, early in March, the other two. Now these men are eagerly looking forward to the season of Pentecost, when they will receive the Subdiaconate and the Diaconate.

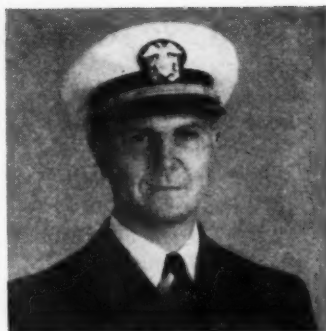
February 9 gave us a new Brother Novice in the person of Bro. Nov.

David (Robert) Hellman, O.S.B., of Louisville, Kentucky. Brother Novice David spent two years at St. Placid Hall before entering the monastery last August as a Candidate for the Brotherhood.—Two Brother Novices, George Hullinger and Edward Junius, both from Chicago, Illinois, made their Triennial Profession on February 10, receiving as their new patrons St. Leo the Great and St. Boniface. At the present time Brother Leo Hullinger, O.S.B., is employed in the poultry department, while Brother Boniface Junius, O.S.B., serves as a linotypist at the Abbey Press.—Another Profession to be recorded is that of Brother Meinrad Kinder, O.S.B., our Machinist and Photographer. Brother Meinrad, a native of Detroit, Michigan, made his Perpetual Profession on February 10. Congratulations and best wishes to all the newly invested and professed!



Father Gerhard (Col. August Gerhard) confirming Australian and American soldiers. The assistants are (reader's left,) Father Cornelius; (right) Father O'Donnell of San Francisco.

Our own Chaplains have been crashing the news of late. Father Peter still makes his weekly excursions to Camp Breckenridge to tend to the spiritual welfare of the German Prisoners. Lately the prisoners received one of their own number, a German priest captured in the war zone to act as Chaplain for them during the week under the supervision of Father Peter.—Father Victor maintains that he is in the largest American Station Hospital in North Africa. Recently he sent us some pictures of his hospital tent chapel and other surroundings, as well as the good news that he had been advanced to the rank of Captain on January 6.—But Father Alfred beat him to the Captain's bars. Father Alfred, who is stationed somewhere in the vicinity of Naples, and who for diversion and relief from the war strain makes weekly excursions to scenic and historic spots in southern Italy, received his Captaincy as a Christmas gift from his Commanding Officer.—Father Maurice was moved not so long ago from the State of Washington down to Sunny California, where he is much nearer to Father Urban, our one and only Navy Chaplain who, by the way, steadfastly maintains that there is nothing at all in the Service comparable to the Navy. Father Maurice is now at March Field and Father Urban at Mare Island.—Father Cornelius is still out on the front lines in the Pacific. Lately he sent us the beautiful story of the return to his home base of the "lost" pilot of the "Regina Coeli," knocked down somewhere behind enemy lines in the Pacific war theater. (See story of the "Regina Coeli" in January GRAIL.) The story of this pilot's return is certainly a beautiful one strikingly manifesting the real efficacy of prayer. The "Regina Coeli" was last seen tail-spinning into the jungle as a victim, not of enemy gunfire but of an unfortunate encounter with another American plane flown by a young pilot experiencing his first actual combat duty. For weeks the young pilot was disconsolate, thinking that he had caused the death of his companion in arms, the pilot of the



Father Urban Knapp, O.S.B.

"Regina Coeli." The Chaplain too was heavy of heart and found in extremely difficult to compose the letter of condolence that sooner or later would have to be sent to the "lost" pilot's parents. Even when he had the letter written he could not bring himself to mail it. Something told him he should wait; so he waited.—And then the "lost" pilot returned to tell his story:—While his plane was spinning into the jungle he had managed to free himself from the cockpit of the plane and parachute to the ground. But in landing his leg was broken. Worse than that, he was behind the enemy lines. With a prayer

constantly on his lips he managed slowly to drag himself to the coast of the island on which he had fallen. It took him ten days! When his strength seemed to fail it was prayer that kept up his courage and gave him the power to go on. Arrived at the shore he lay there exhausted. In answer to his continued prayers a small native dugout drifted into shore near where he was lying. With much effort and not without considerable pain he was able to pull himself into the boat. The next tide carried him out to sea. Again he stormed heaven with prayers. This time the answer came in the form of an American flying patrol boat which spotted him, picked him up, and returned him to his base.—Great was the rejoicing at that American base in the Pacific upon the return of this son of America, more so than over all the enemy Zeros shot down during the whole Pacific War. The sequel? A Mass of Thanksgiving offered up by the Chaplain, our own Father Cornelius Waldo, O.S.B., and attended by the "lost" pilot and his companions in arms. (We regret that we are not able to give the exact name of this pilot. It was not Captain McKeon, who had shortly before this event returned to the United States, but his successor at the controls of the "Regina Coeli.")



Father Maurice Patrick, O.S.B.

Even though the Army has not given Father Joachim a Purple Heart, we at the Abbey are doing so. Father was the last of our men to join the Army and the first one to be discharged because of injuries. It all came about as a result of a brain concussion sustained while Father Joachim was on maneuvers in Tennessee last October with the 228th Field Artillery Group. After a long period of hospitalization the doctors declared him permanently disabled for military service, and on March 6 he returned to the Abbey. Though disabled for military service Father is able to be up and around and has already had some class work and other jobs assigned to him. We are hoping that the headaches and dizzy spells from which he suffers now and then as a result of his injury will soon wear off.

Generals on the Home Front*

Ann-Margaret Record

I HAVE never smashed a champagne bottle over a battle ship. I'm not a WAC or a WAVE or a member of any other splendid war organization for women. Nor do I build aeroplanes, tanks, or machine guns. To all these patriotic women, whatever their job, I bend my head in salute to their service and achievement; but I, too, in a humble way, have important work to do. Call it war work, also—or, if you prefer, *home* work. In war and peace alike, it, too, is indispensable!

Have you ever heard people say, "So you're only a housewife?" or "Just a housewife, eh?" I have, and I don't like the qualifying adverb. Just a housewife? I'm a homemaker! I'm proud of it! I'm proud to be the wife of a quite wonderful young man, now somewhere in the jungles of New Guinea. Even separated, we're not quietly modest about our happiness—and after all, marriage is a sacrament, so we aren't bragging to have found it that, and to find joy in belonging to each other even though some ten or twelve thousand miles lie between us. As parenthood is the seal of love, motherhood is the accolade of wifehood; and that, too, by the grace of God, I have been privileged to receive.

These honors, however, like all honors worth achieving, require living up to. General MacArthur didn't meet his responsibility sipping mint juleps in a reclining chair at the country club. He met it on the battlefield following careful and pre-arranged strategy. It isn't much exaggeration in these hectic days of anguish and loss, war hysteria, and child delinquency, to think of mothers as generals on that important battlefield, the home front. If that battle is lost, then of what real accomplishment are the victories of our servicemen?

It is the job of women, now as always, to create the serenity, the safeguard, of home for their children. Home means a refuge, and now especially it is one that they need. Bewildered little tots who cannot understand why Daddy is no longer with them, noisy children playing, "Kill the Japs!" and screaming the hatred taught them by their elders, adolescents with too much money and too much dangerous freedom... oh, there are many children, of many ages, who need the tenderness, understanding, and guidance of a sensible Christian mother

through the shoals of spiritual and physical peril. Far more than they need the material luxuries which her wages might provide do they need these things of the spirit.

To me it seems that the greatest menace to children's ideals, to the sound principles which should underlie their characters, is the systematic training in hatred which, all unconsciously, they absorb from every side. My own child is still, thank God, too young to know even that there is war or that the broad shouldered, brown-eyed soldier who played with her for those sweet fleeting weeks so long ago should be with her each morning and each afternoon, as much a part of her life as Mother. To her there is no such thing as hate. If she saw a Japanese or a German soldier she would smile instantly with the radiant friendliness of babyhood. In her short life there has been nothing but tenderness; she expects to find love everywhere, and I am happy that for a little while it can be so.

If she were older—say, nine or ten or twelve—my problem would be real, indeed. First of all, I should want the child to recognize frankly that evil exists, and that war is not a glory but a failure in civilized living. I should not, however, desire my son or daughter to listen to radio war plays or to attend "war horror pictures" at the local theatre, especially if my husband or any other dear relative were on foreign soil. Briefly and seriously I should speak to her of the destruction wrought and the lives sacrificed, but I do not feel that a realization of the horrors of war, portrayed as vividly and brutally as most cinematic picturizations, would help me in directing my child to a sane perspective. Instead of turning an immature mind to the shock of evil itself and to a hatred of evil deeds, it would probably teach hatred of people. Those two hatreds are distinctly different things! Often such movies cause nightmares in children and the morbid dread that they themselves may be bombed and left starving on the streets without home or parents to shelter them.

For similar reasons, in our home I should forbid the lurid comics of yellow journalism, in which all the spies are wizened little Orientals or great hulking Nordics who wear a swastika tatooed secretly on their chests. I hope to teach my children a love of literature, but not by way of vulgar and sensational comics. There are too many good books for juvenile readers to waste time and money and

* This article is being reprinted in leaflet form. If you can use a supply, send postage to "The Grail," St. Meinrad, Indiana.

youthful morals on trash. My intelligence and my sense of decency are outraged by books and papers screaming "revenge" on the "little yellow so-and-sos." As deeply as any other American I was shocked and revolted by the atrocity of the Pearl Harbor attack, but I am still a Christian and a Catholic. The Lord I endeavor to follow spoke these difficult but incredibly beautiful words, "Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you."

Nor can I envisage our Lord, when He was a child like the child next door, brandishing a pistol or a toy sword and yelling that He would wipe out every dirty little Japanese monkey in the South Pacific. His Blessed Mother took to her heart the race which had crucified her Son. Should my husband and my brother and my friends fail to return from warfare "overseas," I hope I may be given grace not to hate the peoples from whom their destroyers came. For our enemies who, too, must die, I pray a happy death in the grace of God, and for their bereaved families the comfort of His tenderness. They, too, are human beings with human emotions. As an individual, the mother of a boy who may kill my husband is no more responsible for the war than am I; she has faced it as have I, with anguish and what courage she could command. It is this understanding I should try to instil in my child's heart and mind.

Most of this "campaign," to date, has been negative—what I should eliminate, in so far as that is possible, from my child's environment. From still another angle, the positive one, I should map out a definite and vigorous course of procedure. That old rhyme,

"There is so much of bad in the best of us
And so much of good in the worst of us—"

just about sums up a part of it. In other words, everybody is both good and bad, and what are nations but individuals? We have all laughed, and properly so, at the idea of a "master race," one nation so vastly superior to all other nations that its people are as kings to slaves. But, somehow, we forgot to laugh when our own newspapers began talking about exterminating the "bad races" and thus rooting out evil in the world.

All German and Japanese culture is not evil. Much of it, especially in the past, has been fine. I should not dwell too insistently on it, but I think I should remind my child of the fine German writers and musicians—perhaps one afternoon we should listen to a few records from German opera—and the great medical universities and scientific laboratories. I should show her some examples of exquisite Japanese art and tell her of Kagawa, the great Japanese Christian.

Above all, I should take her to Mass. Often we would go to confession, and, kneeling side by side, receive our Lord in Holy Communion. I should encourage her to "adopt" a serviceman for whom to offer prayers, and she should join the "rosary date" which my husband and I keep each evening. I should see that she attended a parochial school where, along with her readin', writin', and 'rithmetic, she would receive an integrated philosophy of life, centering beautifully on faith.

It has never been one of my tenets that parents should (or even could, for that matter!) choose their children's friends, but I at least hope to know my child's friends and, if possible, their parents. I do feel definitely that clearly undesirable friendships should be discouraged—and, if really necessary, forbidden. After all, parents are entrusted with the souls of their own little ones, and it is their duty to protect those little ones from harmful companions. It is also their duty to supervise their children's recreation. At the risk of sounding painfully old-fashioned, I insist that no school child should be allowed unlimited discretion in choosing his own "stamping ground" after school is out and his regular tasks at home have been completed. Mothers should know *where* their children are spending free time as well as with whom they spend it. Home in the evenings is the best place for children, and home should be so attractive to a child that he voluntarily spends most of his free hours with his family. The secret, I think, of making it so, is the spirit of comradeship which exists in the happiest homes between parents and children and between brothers and sisters. They have fun together; they read, work, and play games together. They share responsibilities. They pray together.

It is in the home, after all, that training for citizenship in time and eternity begins! So—I repeat, when anyone calls me "only a housewife" it's like calling an admiral "only a sailor"! Certainly, I "keep house," but I hope it is more than a house: I hope it radiates the love of our Lord, the love shared by my husband and myself, the love we have given our baby. I hope I am building a home in which Catholic principles are paramount and in which our child (some day children) may grow to lovely Christian womanhood (and manhood)—with belief in purity and goodness and the ultimate triumph of Christ unspoiled by the ballyhoo and indecency and unrestrained tides of hatred in the world about us. Great, indeed, is the responsibility of motherhood, but great is the honor and great the reward thereof!

EDITOR'S NOTE: GRAIL Readers are gifted, we know, with judgments of their own. We do not expect them to agree with us on every point and we welcome their expression of opinion. This department is open for all, and whether you like or dislike something said in THE GRAIL, please write us your own views. Each month, if we have space, some of them will be printed, so that this "Open Forum" will become, we hope, the meeting place of our subscribers. The February GRAIL brought an unusually large amount of fan mail, not all of which was complimentary. We are printing a few of the letters.

14 February, 1944

Editor
The Grail
St. Meinrad, Indiana

Dear Sir:

I have read with considerable interest the article in the February issue of THE GRAIL by H. C. McGinnis, entitled "An American Scandal." This article dealt with what the author describes as "America's Race Question."

The question of the negro's status in America's political and social life is one that is always accentuated in War time. When one investigates actual cases of alleged mistreatment it is quickly found most of the complaints are groundless and encouraged by negro trouble-makers. This can be confirmed by an examination of some of the flaming articles appearing in the colored press. Generally, the trouble will be found to center about the fact that the persons responsible for inciting race trouble are unable to differentiate between social and political rights and equality. Under the American political system the negro is a political equal and entitled to equal civil rights which, generally, have been reaffirmed by statute in the various states.

This confusion between political and social equality is clearly evident in Mr. McGinnis's article when he says, "Due to the intermingling of pure-blooded and mixed-blooded negroes, a few more generations should see white blood flowing in almost every negro's veins," and again speaking of the fact that many negroes easily pass for whites, he

GIVE and TAKE



February 5, 1944

The Grail
St. Meinrad, Ind.

Dear Editors:

We enjoy the Grail very much. The articles by H. C. McGinnis are especially interesting. Also "South Pacific Interlude" and "Virtue and Character" of Mary Rose Ferron.

I rather like the "preaching down" of priest writers, and I expect to get some of that when I pick up a catholic magazine. Father Cornell has the right idea. It may be necessary to have adultery, etc., in our stories, but if we do, don't make the sinners the heroes of the book, rather write stories about those who at least try to live in the state of grace. St. Paul was not writing fiction, he was stating cold hard facts.

Again thanking you for a very nice magazine, I am

Very truly yours,

E.M.F.
(Pittsburgh)

February 10, 1944

Dear Father Palmer:

The February GRAIL is surely a live number. While all the topics are well handled, "The pen is mightier than the Sword" strikes me right between the eyes.

I think your Mr. Phillip is much better in straight argument than as a story-teller. He is more convincing. The trouble with stories in Catholic Magazines is that they are

says, "In such cases the white race does not seem to suffer from the proximity and contact." Mr. McGinnis also says, "The American negro enjoys with his white brother that vigor, vitality and increased moral strength which comes from a racial melting pot in which the dross of many nationalities is drained off white virtues remain to combine with other virtues." Indiana, as well as other states, has wisely prohibited the intermarriage between white persons and persons of negro blood. Certainly, such a law is neither unfair nor unchristian and discriminates neither against the white man nor the negro. In addition to political rights the negro is entitled to equality of opportunity, which might be defined as the right to learn a trade, practice a profession or engage in business.

As a citizen of the United States, there is no reason why the negro should not shoulder arms for his country, invest in War bonds and perform the other duties of citizenship, whose privileges he enjoys. That the negro has sometimes been imposed upon and denied political and economic rights is not to be denied but Mr. McGinnis does not mention these in his article. Rather, he says, "Much of our present persecution arises from an unchristian and a totally unjustifiable social snobbery."

Yours very truly,

J.A.W.
(Indianapolis)

either Priest-written or Priest-censored, and are therefore stripped of emotion. Fiction is an Art-form, and the function of Art is to stir emotion, not stifle it.

A mawkish story built up with sacramentals is not inspiring. When spread upon the pages of a Religious publication as "literature" it simply does not click. "Humble" Catholics who lack the initiative to tackle their own difficulties are encouraged by such stories to turn to vigil lights and Hail Mary's, and to leave to the Saints and to Our Blessed Lady much that they themselves might do for the honor and glory of God, and for the salvation of their own souls.

In philosophical literature Catholic writers are head and shoulders above all other cults, a fact frankly admitted by unprejudiced non-Catholics. Unfortunately their writings are too often beyond the comprehension of the rank and file of our own people. To the average layman the Priest is a holy person set apart by God, consoling and satisfactory on the whole, but nevertheless rather vague. The Priest, on the other hand, sees only the seamy side of a man's or woman's life, as exposed in the confessional. With his knowledge of Theology he may feel very wise, but seldom if ever does he glimpse the white robe of sacrifice or the red robe of martyrdom those seams piece together. He is as far removed from the layman's point of view as is the layman from the Priest's view-point.

It is noteworthy and very gratifying that some of our best Catholic books, such as "The Robe," "The Song of Bernadette" and "Our Good Neighbor Hurdle" have been written by non-Catholics. If Catholics, Priests and people, will but dramatize in their own lives the Faith that is in them, real Artists, ever alert for inspiration, will have something to write about, and they will capitalize on it. If Christianity can claim the credit, Art is welcome to the cash.

The spiritual mission of the Catholic Press is to unify Catholic Worship by bringing Priest and people nearer together in understanding. If it can fulfill this spiritual

mission its teaching function will become automatic and its financial problems will cease to exist. If writers of Catholic fiction cannot produce heroes and heroines outside the cloister who can see what ought to be done, *and do it*, then let us have some good stiff argument about what *ought to be done* under given circumstances, not discounting human frailty. If prayer without works were sufficient Monte Cassino would not be in ruins today.

Very sincerely yours,

M.N.S.

(Chicago)

Monday

Dear Father:

Quentin Phillip has made me so angry that I am writing to you at once. They say that when a writer can make one's pressure go up, he is a good writer, so Mr. Phillip under the circumstances should not mind. I wish to take exception to what he says in his letter to Father Cornell, p. 55, "can you name ten people, not priests or nuns, who read Catholic Poetry? Neither can I." Now, Father, as much as I hate to disappoint Mr. Phillip, I can name ten people, not priests or nuns, and many times ten, who not only read Catholic poetry but chew, swallow and digest it. I have my own Catholic library, small but in my opinion good, and I have it not only for my own pleasure, but for the pleasure of others. I find it very hard indeed to keep the works of Kilmer on my shelf, and if Mr. Phillip wants me to supply him with ten names I will do so gladly. Regarding what he says about the Catholic writers whose works have gone into only a few editions (p. 54), you might remind him that those few editions will go down thru the ages. Joyce Kilmer said in one of his letters "The Catholic Faith is such a thing that I'd rather write moderately well about it than magnificently well about anything else. It is more important, more beautiful, more necessary than anything else in life." I am sure that those Catholic writers mentioned by Mr. Phillip have received more joy from the knowledge that they have written well of their beautiful faith, than any amount of

money could give. The beautiful poems of Father Tabb are never on my shelf, and what could be more beautiful than the letters and poems of Father Fitzgerald (Fr. Page)? If Catholics are not reading Catholic magazines, the fault does not lie with the editors, but with the parents who have not given their children a proper diet of reading material. I have forgotten the exact quotation from Oscar Wilde (no, I do not read his works but picked this up in something else), "Two men looked through prison bars; one saw mud, the other stars," or something to that effect. If our Catholic readers look for the stars they will find them in the Catholic magazine. Well, so much for that. I am not trying to start a controversy, but just want to let Mr. Phillip know that his statement on Catholic poetry is exaggerated." B. E. K. (Baltimore)

7326 Kingston Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois,
March 1, 1944

Dear Mr. Phillip:

I have read with keen interest and enjoyment your answer to Father Cornell's article in THE GRAIL (February 1944) and for the first time in my long life I have heard some one give my complete and honest opinion of the "Catholic Press."... I wish every Catholic editor and everyone connected with any supposed "Catholic" paper would read it and learn from it just what the average intelligent Catholic thinks of Catholic publications. I will give to charity, but I'll be darned if anyone could force me to spend a cent in buying a Catholic magazine. Of all the half-witted ideas expressed in them and the sappy stories that are insults to almost any adult mind! For the life of me I can not understand what editors are thinking of with the sap they hand out for supposedly intelligent adults to read in this day and age." I wish I were rich enough to have it copied and sent to every Catholic editor in the country. I wish most of all, tho, that I could force them to learn something from it without having them suffer too much from our "irreligious" ideas.

J. K. P. (Chicago)

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

Brother Meinrad's help brought a pension for my disabled brother. Please say two Masses for his glorification and publish my thanks.

S. B. (Ind.)

I want to give thanks to Brother Meinrad for obtaining for me a change of work and an improvement in health.

E. L. (Ky.)

Please publish my thanks to Brother Meinrad for his intercession. I sought it in connection with an x-ray I was having made. Offering is enclosed.

T. B. (Kan.)

I have a favor to report. After placing the stickers in my shoes and in those of a friend's (we were both suffering from fallen arches) we found almost immediate relief.

N. F. (Ind.)

I have had several favors by praying to Brother Meinrad, so am sending a little offering.

S. A. E. (Ind.)

After praying to Brother Meinrad I finally located my son-in-law, who is in the service. Please publish my thanks in THE GRAIL.

J. F. (Tex.)

Please say a Mass for the glorification of Brother Meinrad in thanksgiving for helping us to find a place for my father-in-law. I prayed hard for help and in less than seven days our prayers were answered.

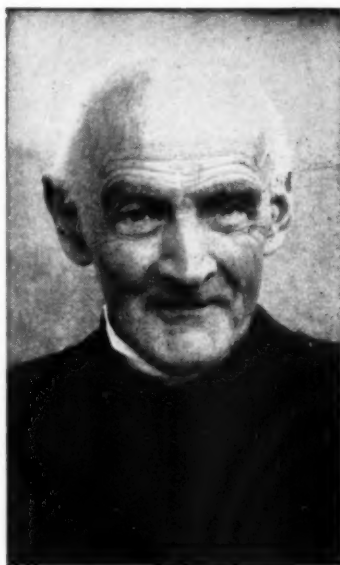
C. P. (Ky.)

Please publish my thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for a very special favor just received.

E. A. H. (Mass.)

Enclosed is a stipend for a Mass of thanksgiving for a favor received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad. His help is wonderful.

R. A. (Ill.)



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them into THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

Enclosed please find stipends for—Masses to be said in thanksgiving for favors received through Brother Meinrad.

F. S. (Mich.)

Brother Meinrad has helped me in many things. Please publish my thanks. Offering is enclosed.

J. R. A. (Ind.)

I am sending a stipend for a Holy Mass for the glorification of Brother Meinrad, who has come to my assistance.

C. R. (Ind.)

I wish to report a favor which I received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad.

Enclosed offering for Masses for the souls in Purgatory and in honor of Brother Meinrad for many favors received.

A. T. (Wash.)

My son, aged 4, was very ill with a swollen gland in his neck. I prayed to Brother Meinrad for his recovery. I also placed a picture of Brother Meinrad under his pillow and promised publication and an offering on his recovery. My grateful thanks to Brother Meinrad.

H. P. (N. C.)

Enclosed find donation in thanksgiving for a very special favor obtained through the intercession of Brother Meinrad.

C. W. (Ill.)

Brother Meinrad answered my prayers in a wonderful way when our faith had been tested and our hope was growing weak. It was then I started the novena prayer to Brother Meinrad and the gift for which I had prayed was granted to my son.

A. F. (N. Y.)

Please say three Masses in thanksgiving for three favors we were granted.

M. B. & A. B. (Ind.)

Other favors reported: E. B., Ind.; M. B., Ohio; E. H., Ohio.

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